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THE NATION

MAY 19, 1969 *35 cents*

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD

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LETTERS

Chicago film needed

Cleveland, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: Although I was listed as a co-conspirator but not indicted by the Federal Grand Jury on charges of crossing the state line for the purpose of inciting riot and violence in Chicago at the time of the Democratic Party Convention, I was indicted by the Cook County Grand Jury on two felonious counts of aggravated battery and two counts of resisting arrest.

I am alleged to have struck the Deputy Superintendent of Police who was in charge of all Chicago police forces in the field during the convention week. The maximum sentence which could be imposed upon me by the court would amount to twelve years in the Illinois State prison. . . . My trial date has been continued until June 2. The American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago has been cooperating directly in the preparation of the defense.

There is an urgent need for film and photographic evidence of my encounter with the Deputy Superintendent of Police which occurred on Wednesday evening, August 28, sometime between 7 and 8 P.M. at the intersection of Michigan and Balbo Avenues. It took place shortly after the brutal police attack against the demonstrators in that intersection. In my effort to secure safe passage for fellow demonstrators, I was severely beaten by the police and required hospitalization and surgery. I have since filed a notice for damages against the Chicago authorities.

Anyone who may have been witness to these events or who has any knowledge of film or photographic material covering these events, please contact me in care of the Department of Sociology, Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. 44106 phone: area code 216-368-2624.

Sidney M. Peck, Co-Chairman
National Mobilization Committee
To End the War in Vietnam

tabs on Congress

Kokomo, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial, "The Twenty-One" [Apr. 21] you spoke of the need for some headquarters in Washington that would feed out lists of how Congressmen voted on key military appropriation measures. I wish to call your attention to just such an organization: the Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D. C. 20002.

It publishes a monthly *Washington Newsletter,* subscription $3 per year, also an *Action Bulletin* as the occasion demands. The staff of FCNL is constantly interviewing Congressmen and trying to influence those who will listen. . . .

C. S. Iden

smooth shift

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The pundits are ruminating over the first 100 days of the Nixon Administration, comparing and evaluating the orderly transition of government from the outgoing Democratic regime to the incoming Republican one.

Everything considered, perhaps the swiftest, smoothest and most comprehensive changeover has been the transfers of the credibility gap.

Harry Cimring

correction

We regret that by a printer's error, a line was dropped from Leslie Derfler's review of the Cohn Bendits' *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative* in the May 5 issue. The top of column three, page 579, should have begun, "The Cohn-Bendits conclude by evoking," etc.

Editors

EDITORIALS

Incident at Riverside Church

On Sunday, May 4, James Forman, a prominent figure in the emergence of the civil rights movement, took over the altar area of Riverside Church in New York City and forced cancellation of the 11 A.M. communion service. Representing the National Black Economic Development Conference, Mr. Forman demanded that churches and synagogues pay "reparations" to Negroes in the amount of $500 million. Riverside Church had been singled out, he said, because it has been heavily endowed by the Rockefeller family and must pay extra reparations, since "the money of John D. Rockefeller is still exploiting people of color all around the world." Among secondary demands, Mr. Forman listed unrestricted use of the church's FM radio station, WRVR, twelve hours a day and weekends, with the director and program staff to be selected by his organization.

When one remembers the many news stories of ivy-covered Protestant churches, and some Catholic churches as well, turning away Negroes who sought to worship with other Christians, there might seem to be a trace of poetic justice in this foray. Even so, the Riverside Church was ill-chosen. A large part of the congregation is black and the accusation of racism is singularly inappropriate in this instance. However, for publicity purposes Riverside was well suited.

If one is to take the demonstration seriously, there are several things wrong with the tactic. Disrupting a religious service is a peculiarly offensive method of calling attention to grievances, however valid, and when demands are presented under these circumstances—with a pay-or-else connotation—the operation begins to savor of a stick-up. The demand should be briskly rejected on that account alone, even if the equity were more evident than it is here. The either-or kind of threat, if it is pursued, will prove to be fully as repugnant to the many Negroes who belong to Christian churches as to whites. The tactic is objectionable also on the purely practical ground that if it is fully exploited (and under present circumstances there is the tendency to go to the end of the line with anything sensational), it will provoke a serious counterreaction. Any tactic that is "counterproductive" is not a sound tactic, politically, militarily or otherwise.

Another objection to Mr. Forman's innovation is that it is dressed up as "anti-capitalism." Mr. Forman denounces black advocates of "black capitalism" as "black power pimps and fraudulent leaders." *The Nation* is highly skeptical of what "black capitalism" and "gilding the ghetto" can accomplish, but "anti-capitalism" of Mr. Forman's variety is not socialism, nor anything that gives promise of curbing the abuses of the "free enterprise" system. It is demagogy to say that "a few rich whites run the country." Capitalism is a system, a method, a complex set of relations, a body of beliefs which millions of lower-middle-class Americans, white

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and black, and even many of the poor, share with the rich.

Mr. Forman's organization demands compensation for past injuries. The basic concept is not without validity, but the notion that revolutionary action can obliterate all the injustices of history is phantasmal. Followed to its extreme, it can result only in a welter of claims and counterclaims which cannot possibly be satisfied. Some blacks have claims against other blacks. Red men have claims against whites and red men have claims against other red men. Whites have claims against whites —what could be more valid than the historic grievances of poor whites, if they choose to press them, against Southern Bourbons? It is time to dispose of the notion that by a series of instant reparations and bits of social gimickry we can wipe out the injustices of history; what the situation needs is not reparations but a clean, fresh start.

In James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Stephen says: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." Attempts to keep that nightmare alive are not likely to promote radical reform, much less Socialist reconstruction.

Those Unlevied Taxes

Far more important than euchring $500 million out of the nation's churches—in a scheme of token compensation that would at the most give each Negro $15—would be an effort by all rationally disposed citizens, of all races and creeds, to enable the various levels of government to levy a just return on the estimated $569 *billion* of real estate that goes untaxed in the United States, and which if taxed could yield local governments alone something like $12 billion annually in additional revenue. The figures are reliable (see *Fortune*, May 1, 1969, p. 76).

Cities can go broke. Look—if you can bear it—at the lamentable case of Newark, N. J. Real property in the amount of $549,631,000—45 per cent of Newark's total assessed valuation—escapes local taxation. According to *Fortune*, about a third of all potentially taxable real estate is entitled to some kind of exemption. Much of this free-ride realty is owned by churches and universities.

The property tax base is vital to local government. Whittle it away and the cities cannot even raise the "matching funds" needed to get federal aid. Yet the local tax base has been eroding for years by a kind of *mortmain*. In New York City, some $16 billion of tax-exempt property, or about one-third of all real estate on the assessment rolls, is tax-exempt. Nation-wide, church-owned real estate was estimated to exceed $103 billion in 1968. In addition to being spared local property taxes, churches and sacerdotal orders (that is, those qualified to give the sacraments) are by federal law exempt from income and capital gains taxes.

A clear distinction should be made between property in which an institution carries on its religious, charitable or educational activities, and property from which it

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derives income. The country's religious groups are estimated to have an income totaling more than $21.5 billion annually.

Dr. Martin Marty, professor of church history at the University of Chicago's divinity school and associate editor of *The Christian Century*, makes the point succinctly: "There is no constitutional, moral or theological ground for granting tax exemptions to churches *on their profit-making activities*" (emphasis added). We can afford to exempt the property of the church per se —the ground and the church structure—but they should pay taxes as other organizations do on their other holdings.

Then there is the problem of pseudo-religious institutions whose actual aims are political, usually in the most reactionary sense. And the phony foundations, whose principal beneficiary may be the founder himself. Or even the laudable institutions. In New York, for instance, the 77-story Chrysler Building, one of the largest and most desirably located in the city, which would normally pay about $1 million in real estate taxes annually, pays not a cent. It stands on land owned by the Cooper Union, a respected institution of learning, which was granted this exemption by law in 1859. But in 1859 New York was solvent, or at any rate not as broke as it is today.

On the one hand, cities are losing tax revenue on real property, while at the same time suburban residents are escaping from taxes by forcing the central city to bear all the burdens of institutions and services that are used by people from the surrounding areas. All these institutions require police and fire protection, streets, lighting and all the other services that make a city livable.

The tax structure at all levels of government is due for drastic overhauling. Its built-in bias against anything of the sort must be overridden, and soon. This will do more for the urban poor of all races, and for the middle class too, than any one-shot proposal for the benefit of a single group, even if the scheme had any chance of being put into effect.

Message from the *Pueblo*

In overruling the recommendations of the Navy's inquiry board that Commander Lloyd Bucher be court-martialed, Navy Secretary John H. Chafee acted wisely and humanely. The Secretary could not very well say that the admirals' recommendations were wrong—most Navy officers think they were right—but a court-martial would have made the mess messier. By barring disciplinary action, the Secretary in effect extended clemency to all hands and, by inference, said that he wanted to hear no more of the affair. But of course that does not close the incident.

The chances are that Commander Bucher will not get another command at sea. If he does, it will be a vessel that cannot very well get into trouble. The Commander's future in the Navy looks none too bright. This is not to say that he was grievously at fault; the Navy was more at fault than Bucher or anyone else aboard the *Pueblo*. But only individuals can be court-martialed, and only individuals can be forgiven on the ground that they have suffered enough.

Commander Bucher might possibly have emerged from the action with credit if he had simply departed the area, as he had signaled that he would do. He stopped when the torpedo boats opened fire, giving as his reason that he could not risk the lives of his men. It is true that anyone on deck would probably have been killed, but the crew could easily have taken cover, the ship could have been steered from the engine room, and the chances are that there would have been few casualties.

The North Koreans wanted the ship, but if they had not succeeded in boarding her it is unlikely that they would have tried to sink her. Capturing the *Pueblo* was one thing, sinking her would have been quite another, inviting military retaliation of a drastic character.

The point is worth making because there is other evidence to indicate that we make a practice of underestimating the intelligence of the North Koreans and consequently fail to understand their operations. If, as Benjamin Page argues in this issue (p. 622), they have been trying to force world attention to their demands for reunification—in effect protesting their isolation—then the seizure of the *Pueblo* was a brilliant piece of strategy. But for Washington to assume any such intention would have been to credit the North Koreans with qualities that, in our system of ideas (or delusions) they cannot have. It would have been to concede, by inference, that they were capable of a rational calculation of what to do in order to further their interests, that they were daring but not necessarily reckless.

Some good may still come out of the *Pueblo* incident, and the subsequent loss of the EC-121 spy plane, if we start to make some rational assumptions about what the North Koreans want and how they are likely to go about trying to get it. We might even begin to ask whether perhaps they haven't got some kind of case, and whether we might not come to a composition with them, instead of maintaining the stand that the South Korean dictatorship is a bastion of freedom while North Korea is a sink of iniquity.

Quick Thinking

The Nixon Administration may properly be charged with opportunism but it cannot be denied that its reflexes are in good working order; again and again it leaps to the sound political conclusion just in the nick of time. Until quite recently it seemed to be clear that the Administration would not say or do very much about "hunger," which it tended to regard as a canard invented by the mischievous Democrats, abetted by certain Republican mavericks. In a memorandum dated March 17, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Administration's leading "urbanologist," had assured the President that while extreme malnutrition might, in developing countries, have some tendency to retard learning

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ability, it was his "suspicion" that very little of this kind of malnutrition existed in affluent America.

This was comfortably reassuring to the President, despite the fact that Mr. Moynihan had failed to turn up an abundance of evidence to support his "suspicion." But then on May 7 Senator McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs summoned Secretary of HEW Finch and Secretary of Agriculture Hardin to testify. Immediately a succession of hurried conferences was held at the White House. One may assume that neither Mr. Hardin nor Mr. Finch, men briefed well beyond the level of "suspicion," relished an interrogation before the committee, for how could they, in all conscience, deny the need or quibble about the facts? So, bingo! A Presidential message was hurriedly prepared and dispatched to Senator McGovern's office at 4 P.M. on May 6, with no advance notice that any such message was contemplated.

It was promptly characterized by D. P. Moynihan, urbanologist extraordinary, as—and we quote—"the most comprehensive total program ever presented by a President." Actually it is neither total nor comprehensive. Nothing much happens under the proposed program until January 1970, and no monies are appropriated to further it. This apparently will involve some "reprogramming" later on. It is not clear just what the message contemplates, but if food stamps are to be offered to all those who receive less than $30 a month, much depends on whether this means those who are now on the rolls or all those throughout the country who fall into the category. The difference in magnitude here would be that, say, between 300,000 and 2.5 million people. Also the program represents about one-third of what experts have estimated should be spent for food stamps alone.

What the President did in essence was to adopt a large part of the program originally recommended by Mr. Hardin and the task force he headed. As such it represents a breakthrough, at least in principle, even though the immediate impact will be more psychological and political than, shall we say, nutritional. But the Administration's brisk run-around on the "hunger" issue is one more proof that its political reflexes are in fine shape.

Glad News from Vietnam

According to a story by B. Drummond Ayres, Jr., in the May 4 *New York Times*, combat fatigue ("shell shock"), which was so prevalent among the troops in the two World Wars and the Korean War, has been almost eliminated among the 550,000 U.S. servicemen in Vietnam. The incidence is fewer than 100 cases per year. Combat service in Vietnam is of course no picnic, but officers explain that most operations last only a few days and the men, when they return to base, enjoy such amenities as hot showers, steak dinners, movies and post exchanges.

A tour of duty never exceeds thirteen months and that includes a week's leave outside Vietnam. Also, the soldier is convinced (at least so the officers assured the correspondent) that his training, equipment and leadership are among the best in the world, and that if he should be wounded, evacuation comes usually within twenty minutes and medical care is of such high quality that the survival odds are better than 95 to 1.

But the sovereign prophylaxis against combat fatigue is the knowledge that "a phone call will bring [the soldier] devastating aircraft and artillery support. Conversely, he need not worry about air attacks."

How pleasant! One wonders how the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese continue to fight with all that air power arrayed against them. It would be interesting to know how susceptible they are to combat fatigue; even more interesting to compare the respective incidence of the condition if the armies were evenly matched. But one can only conjecture, because since World War II we have taken on only small countries with appropriately small armament. We still can't seem to lick them.

'This Is a Test'

Anyone who listens to radio is periodically subjected to a civil defense test, the radio analogue of the drills which up to a few years ago sent the urban population scurrying to shelters, except for a handful who defied the police and submitted to arrest. It is largely to these few that we owe relief from this nuisance in the streets, but the radio stations, fearing for their licenses, continue to go through the motions of warning the listeners against being lulled into a false feeling of security by the fact that for more than a quarter century of cold war not a single bomb or shell has fallen on American soil.

Mindful that in the 1930s a portion of the population of the Eastern Seaboard was thrown into hysteria by Orson Welles's dramatization of an invasion from Mars, the stations say repeatedly that this time it's only a test, but warn of the day when it may be the real thing. In that case, by direction of the President of the United States, they will be instructed to listen to a designated station, which will tell them what to do. And what will that be, except to pray?

Genuine civil defense has some value in cases of natural disaster, but something like $1.5 billion has been wasted on the fallout shelter program and other phases of so-called defense, first against hostile aircraft, then, with even less plausibility, against missiles. The radio warnings are one phase of this boondoggle, which has furnished a shelter not for the citizens but for retired military men clinging to the last vestiges of their authority, and hack politicians for whom no other sinecures can be found.

Perhaps the only way to get rid of this bore on the airwaves is to demand its extension. If it is so important, shouldn't it be given prime time on TV? If so much as a minute of evening TV time appeared in jeopardy, the chances are that the networks would mobilize their lobbyists, and radio might be relieved of this hangover.

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SIGNALS FROM NORTH KOREA

BENJAMIN PAGE
Mr. Page, who is studying different models of Socialist societies in the graduate program at Florida State University, spent July and August of 1968 in North Korea. He is the first American scholar to be invited there.

For the second time in less than two years the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) has committed what looks like an act of aggression, or at least provocation, against the United States. Alarms have been raised—in *Look* and *The New Republic* last fall, and now in *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report*—to the effect that Premier Kim Il Sung is bent on unifying, and communizing, Korea by 1970 or thereabouts. These articles have consistently painted the DPRK in the most grim and drab colors, and do not fail to mention that the number of incidents of DPRK military activity along the 38th Parallel or inside South Korea has vastly increased in recent years. The implication of all of this is that we may have to start worrying about a new war in Korea.

It is true that the situation along the 38th Parallel has been growing worse since about 1965. And with the almost total lack of information about the DPRK, about its complaints of armistice violations from the South and about the absence of response to proposals it has made repeatedly since 1960 for negotiating the future of Korea, it has been easy to make it seem that all the blame lies with the North. Before we let ourselves be drawn into another embroilment in Asia, it might be well to take a closer look at the Korean situation since the armistice. It could turn out that both the capture of the *Pueblo* and the shooting down of the EC-121 were attempts by the DPRK to force world attention to the increasing danger inherent in the division of Korea and the vast military involvement of the United States on the side of the South, aided by the former colonial overlord of Korea and under the flag of the UN.

In this connection, it should be recalled that certain Socialist and African representatives to the 1967 UN debates on "The Korean Question" criticized the annual reports of the UN Commission on the Unification and Rehabilitation of Korea (UNCURK) for consistently failing to mention either the DPRK complaints of armistice violations from south of the parallel, or the North's proposals for peaceful reunification of the country. This would seem a surprising and major oversight, but then no country represented on that commission maintains any kind of relations with the DPRK. Some of them have occasionally been critical of the United States, but all have normal diplomatic relations with the government of South Korea.

UNCURK's failure to mention events within the DPRK is also understandable because North Korea has never recognized it or permitted it to enter North Korean territory. But the DPRK's complaints of violations have been registered regularly with the UN Armistice Commission, and therefore cannot be unknown to UNCURK.

Similarly, the DPRK proposals for peaceful unification have been offered publicly several times over the last nine years, and were one of the major reasons for the demonstrations that forced the resignation of Syngman Rhee in 1960. In the months that followed his departure, several groups in the South urged negotiations for the purpose of at least normalizing relations between the two governments; some demanded unification. Premier and former Ambassador to the United States, John M. Chang, forbade the press of South Korea to publish any accounts of parliamentary debates on the subject.

A UPI dispatch from Tokyo on November 23, 1960, gave clear evidence that UN agencies were aware of the DPRK's interest in North-South talks. According to the dispatch:

> North Korea is waging an intensive campaign to establish direct contacts between North and South Korea.
>
> The North Korean Supreme People's Assembly, now meeting in Pyongyang, set the campaign going full steam again with proposals for cultural, commercial, postal and other exchanges between North and South. . . .
>
> High United Nations Command sources said that the UNC would exert its influence to prevent the South Korean Government from falling into, or being forced into these "traps."

It is not irrelevant to ask how closely the military *coup d'état* that brought Gen. Park Chung Hee, formerly a major in the Japanese occupation army, to the Presidency in April 1961 was related to such "influence."

Just what are the proposals which UNCURK apparently finds too unimportant to publish, but which the United Nations Command thought dangerous enough to merit its suppressive influence? The DPRK would most like to see elections, by secret ballot and supervised by mixed teams of North and South Koreans, to create a single government for the country. If this be unacceptable to the government of the South, the DPRK would be prepared to negotiate a confederation, each government remaining as it now is, with mixed commissions to work out economic problems and the like, and with unification the ultimate goal. Should this also be unacceptable, the DPRK is prepared to set political questions aside for the present and work out economic, postal, cultural and personal visit exchanges. The Rhee government stood steadfastly against any such contacts from the outset of its rule in 1948; the government of Park Chung Hee continues this policy, forbidding even postal service across the border.

The North's basic precondition for any détente is, of course, that all foreign troops, UN as well as U.S., be withdrawn from the South. There have been no foreign troops in the North since the Chinese left in 1958, and the DPRK much resents the fact that, since the end of the war, it has had to discuss the future of Korea with foreigners from the UNC. South Korean representatives, when present at Panmunjon, remain passively in the background.

The DPRK proposals recognize, however, that each side might have reason to suspect or fear the other. Thus they suggest the signing of a mutual nonaggression pact and a mutual troop limitation to 100,000 men or less. The

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DPRK has also offered to abrogate all its military alliances on condition that the South do the same; a provision to that effect was written into the alliances when they were drafted. Skeptics often mention that, although foreign troops may have been withdrawn from the DPRK, they are nearby in the USSR and China. True, but UN and U.S. troops could be kept almost as close in Japan.

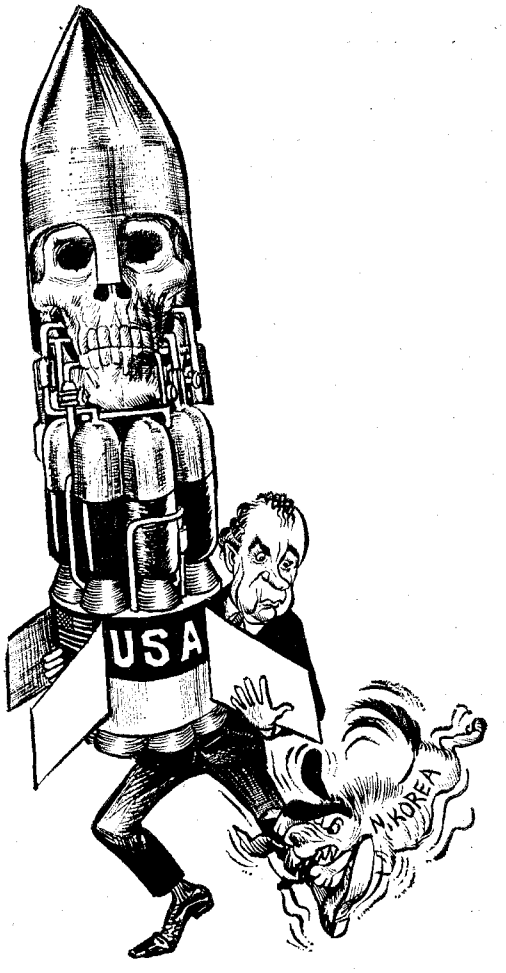
Such are the proposals that have been made several times since 1960, but which current laws in the South prohibit anyone from mentioning, and which UNCURK sees fit to ignore. Mr. Jongjeung Kim, since 1943 director of the Korean Affairs Institute in Washington, has written several identical letters dealing with the problems of unification to the leaders of the two Korean Governments; he states that he has frequently received serious answers from Premier Kim, but never a word from President Park.

A main reason why the DPRK wishes to send observers to the UN to participate in the debates on Korea, along with the observers from the South who have been there since 1948, is to overcome this blackout of its side of the story. The United States apparently agrees in principle that such an invitation be extended the DPRK, but only if it agrees beforehand to accept whatever decisions might be reached. It is true that South Korea has made such a commitment, but it did not have to do so in order to be granted observer status. Even to become a member, a country must agree only to abide by the obligations of the Charter; the DPRK cannot see why, to be invited as an observer in discussions bearing on its immediate concerns, it should be required to do more.

This problem affects certain other countries as well. China, Vietnam and Germany have all suffered division in the interests of others, yet in each case only the government of that portion militarily allied with the United States has been permitted to station even an observer at the United Nations. At least in the eyes of these countries, this seems to support the objection, occasionally heard, that the UN has let itself act as an instrument of U.S. foreign policy.

Contrary to prevalent opinion, North Korea does not reject the United Nations per se, and a united or federated Korea would apparently petition for UN membership. However, the DPRK has several reasons for rejecting a UN role in the matter of Korean unification, and it is in order to present them that it wishes to participate in UN debates. In the first place, the DPRK believes that the Koreans, as a people with more than a thousand years of unified history, broken only by wartime agreements between the United States and the USSR concerning the disarming of Japan, are fully capable of handling their problems themselves. Second, the DPRK holds that the introduction of the UN into the Korean question in 1947, on the unilateral initiative of the United States and without the consent of or even discussion with representatives from either part of the country, was and remains illegal and contrary to the Charter. Third, the DPRK contends that the UN forfeited any moral claim to mediate or supervise any issues between the two parts of Korea when it became a belligerent in the Korean War.

The final objections of the DPRK to UN participation



Macpherson, Toronto Star

in determining the future of Korea are procedural. The UN has supervised every election in South Korea since 1948. Although its observers have frequently reported open or covert violations of democratic procedure and the South Korean constitution, as notably during the 1967 legislative elections, the UN has been powerless to control, prevent, or take punitive measures against such violations. Since the population of the South is twice that of the North, this ineffectiveness would pose a real problem for the supervision of fair elections to determine the fate of all of Korea.

Then, there is the fact that the United Nations Command in Korea has from the start been almost exclusively the preserve of the United States. When the United States was asked to name the UN commander for the Korean War, no provision was made for making him or the command responsible to the UN. No agency of the UN was allotted any power over the decisions of its command; at the hearings after his dismissal, General MacArthur stated that every bimonthly report he sent the UN to inform it of what he had already done was first censored by the U.S. State and Defense Departments. His relationship to the UN was, he said, purely nominal, a view subsequently corroborated by Generals Ridgway and Clark.

After the war, most countries substantially reduced their troop and officer commitments to the command, so that in 1967 U Thant stated that, except for a few liaison officers, most of the forces in Korea under the UN flag were

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American. He further stated that to the best of his knowledge, he had never received any reports of its activities from the UN Command in Korea. This statement was made in May 1967: by November the U.S. representative had given him such a report, one which U Thant then stated to have been the first received by the UN since March 1954, except for notifications of changes in commanding officers and a *note verbale* mentioning the shooting down of two American helicopter pilots by the DPRK.

It is true that the DPRK is eager to see Korea reunited, and that it feels a certain urgency in this regard. Its leaders seem aware that the economy of the South is no longer stagnating, as it was until the mid-sixties. But they are worried by the price at which this improvement is being bought—increasing dependence, not only on the United States but since 1965 also on Japan, the country that for thirty-six years, until the end of the last war, occupied all of Korea. And they are troubled by the influence this dependence on foreign capital, investment and arms is having on Korean culture and traditions. What the DPRK most fears, apart from the possibility of renewed war, is that long-term U.S. and Japanese military, economic and cultural influence in the South may create in effect two different nations of the Korean people.

In the first half decade after the Korean War the DPRK got large amounts of aid from other Socialist countries, but this was invested in the reconstruction of housing and in heavy industry. As a result, the DPRK is today economically self-sufficient and, unlike the South, no longer receives economic aid; nor is there any foreign investment in its economy. The country cannot be called prosperous by Western standards, but the range of production is vast, educational and welfare provisions are both free and impressive, and beggary, poverty, unemployment, even eager little shoeshine boys are no longer to be seen. Although prices of durable goods are substantially higher than in Japan, immediate necessities—food, housing, work clothes and the like—are far cheaper.

The DPRK, in other words, has accomplished much since the Korean War and has much to lose should war again break out. Since the signing of the 1965 South Korea-Japan Treaty of "mutual defense," and since Johnson's visit to the parallel in October 1966—after which the number of violations of the armistice line from the South increased almost tenfold over the monthly average for the previous thirteen years—the DPRK has felt obliged to devote more of its budget to military expenditures and the rate of growth has slowed. In fact, this may be one of the motives for the increase in incidents. A State Department official said last fall that by 1965 it was clear the DPRK was on the way to becoming "an Asian Switzerland." And at that time, according to reports in Robert Scalapino's book *North Korea Today,* the DPRK was devoting only 6 per cent of its budget to the military.

However, most of the DPRK's military preparations seem to be defensive. Collective farms and factories are developing their own militia, school children are instructed in the roles they could play in partisan warfare, and anti-aircraft guns can be seen in the hills around every town, factory or farm. Precisely because of the progress it has made in the last sixteen years, it seems doubtful that the DPRK would initiate any military activity—except to attract world attention to the increasingly dangerous situation along the armistice line—or that it would send its army into the South.

It may be that it is already too late, that the DPRK is no longer interested in negotiation, but the world will never know unless efforts are made in that direction. A concrete first step, if the Nixon Administration is seriously interested in peace and understanding, might be to reverse the U.S. position and permit the UN to invite observers, without imposing conditions, not only from the DPRK but also from North Vietnam and East Germany. If this does not happen, neither the United States nor the UN can avoid sharing the responsibility for whatever war occurs, regardless of how actual fighting breaks out. That may be what the DPRK is trying to tell the world through the *Pueblo* capture and the shooting down of the EC-121.

PROGNOSIS FOR CRACKDOWN

THE WHEEL OF PANIC

THEODORE J. LOWI
Mr. Lowi, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, won the J. Kimbrough Owen Award of the American Political Science Association for his book, At the Pleasure of the Mayor: Patronage and Power in New York City, 1898-1958 *(Free Press). His new book,* The End of Liberalism, *will be published next month by W. W. Norton.*

In American history all postwar periods seem to involve the country in some kind of domestic political crisis. The Ku Klux Klan and widespread repression followed the Civil War. After World War I, the Klan was revived, and there was other official and unofficial political suppression on a very large scale. The conclusion of the diminutive Spanish-American War introduced the whole problem of imperialism; it was also the period when American business first expressed fear of economic competition. This was the beginning of the trade association movement when businesses began to organize to control "harmful competition" and to keep the new unions under control. The reaction following World War II and Korea is too recent to require review.

Oddly, the depression was less panicky. As a testimony to our higher moral feelings, our really bad hangovers are from war, for what else is reaction but a bad hangover? It is as though the war had made us safe from the Right

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so that we had to wage the peace against the Left—or whatever word one cares to use for the forces of change.

The 1960s present an especially difficult situation; it may prove to be the worst domestic crisis of the century. Already we feel the first breeze of a panic anticipating the war's end, and it will be that much worse because we are also involved in a serious domestic revolution, a revolution in human relations set off more than a decade ago by those two great subversives, Earl Warren and Martin Luther King, Jr. American institutions and values seem incapable of dealing with either domestic or international confrontation—and the two together have become almost unbearable. The war in Vietnam is coming to be seen as America's first clearly illegitimate international adventure, and the civil rights revolution is more devastating than an event like the depression, because it spreads the pall of illegitimacy over so much of the political apparatus. Since the resolution of the war will satisfy no one, we had better gird ourselves for one of the most serious reactions in American history.

How can one tell that the country faces another reaction? We can know it when we hear too loudly and too frequently the call for law and *order*, as though disorder were unlawful. We can detect it in the expansion of intelligence activities, ranging from the "Red squad" of the Chicago police department to the expanded activities of the FBI under the 1968 conspiracy legislation, to the resurgence of HUAC, to the projected use of NDEA fellowships to punish political actions on the campuses.

But these are illustrations. What do all periods of panic seem to have in common? A period of panic, leading to reaction, is one in which the sense of threat becomes increasingly vague, when the nature of the enemy or the evil becomes harder and harder to define. During war or depression, there is *fear*; during panic and reaction, fear turns to *anxiety*. Fear results from an unambiguous threat, like a declared belligerent, a gang of thieves, or a business monopoly; against such dangers modern men use reason and science. But against anxiety caused by an undeclared enemy or a vague chill of impending disorder, modern men have no advantage over primitives, and like primitives they resort to unreason and superstition. The greater the ignorance of cause and effect, the wider is spread a sense of cause and effect. If a woman in a primitive society was ignorant of the procreative process and yet wished to avoid a baby, she might in her anxiety view every star, every tree, every forest creature, as well as every human being, as a potential source of danger. Likewise, when moderns face "subversion" or "disorder" with no grasp of real causes and real effects, they begin to see causes in every shadow. From acts that are known to cause injury —rape, murder, robbery, adulterated goods, etc.—they move to *conspiracies* to do injury, and to *conspiracies to advocate* the evil. Ultimately, the notion of what causes disorder spreads to very remote acts and words that are in no way evil in and of themselves, that do not connect in any provable way to known injuries, but are acts and words which might *tend* to do so in the long run.

This expansion of what is accepted as causing personal injury and social disorder is the road from panic to reaction. Taking it, we activate the agencies of repression—which, like anti-democratic sentiments, are almost always with us—and they proceed rather quickly to incant their mysterious theories of cause and effect. We find ourselves, suddenly, in the midst of thoroughgoing repression.

These agencies or instrumentalities of systematic repression exist at three levels: national, state and local, organizational. The national level includes, of course, the FBI operating under the Smith Act, related acts against international subversion, and more recent acts against domestic sources of subversion. It also includes the CIA—despite the fact that it is officially forbidden from internal domestic activities. Here, too, are the Senate Government Operations Committee and its occasional subcommittees, and HUAC. The social and economic functions of the military come into play as do also such agencies as the FCC, the Internal Revenue Service and the Post Office Department, whose power can to a very great extent be converted to "internal security" whenever the need seems to arise.

At the state and local government level one observes the expansion of police intelligence agencies, vice squads and other squads operating under state and local morals laws—especially the "disturbing the peace" type of legislation. One of the least appreciated but most important examples of repression at the state and local level is the zoning and planning agencies, which use their powers, particularly in the suburbs, to keep out unwanted social elements and yet maintain a façade of objectivity. It includes the state militia and the increasing willingness during periods of panic to use it in police functions.

But the organizational, the group level, is in some ways just as frightening because too few see it as a threat to individuality and democracy. Americans pride themselves on their "pluralistic" society, in which all persons are free to engage in voluntary associations. They give too little thought to the group as a potential enemy of individuality. It can most readily become such an enemy in periods of panic, because it is precisely then that people feel they need the group to defend themselves. A good group, a safe group, exists to help its members fulfill their needs and, in so succeeding, to make itself superfluous. A safe group is subordinate to its members; an unsafe group subordinates its members to itself. It is any group, therefore, that thinks of itself as a quasi-government.

The House Un-American Activities Committee best illustrates how the federal government, despite its apparently overwhelming political commitment to the expansion of individual values, allows for re-emergence of agencies of repression during periods of panic. In one of its first actions, the 91st Congress approved the change of HUAC's name to the Committee on Internal Security. This rechristening, accompanied by certain changes in its charter, did not in any way alter the function of the committee; it indicated only that henceforth, even with slightly more restricted procedures, the true jurisdiction of the committee would be broader than ever. Is there anything that could not be shown to affect "internal security"?

Perhaps the first omen of this expanded focus was HUAC's 64-page report of May 1968, "Guerrilla Warfare Advocates in the United States." It proposed that the

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ghetto riots are part of a large-scale, planned guerrilla operation, that this is prelude to armed insurrection against the United States, and that the whole thing is part of a Communist plot. The report admits that guerrilla warfare is "improbable, even absurd," but to the committee this very improbability is what makes the catastrophe so very probable—because, "Communists are fully aware of this and are counting heavily on the fact that most Americans will be mentally and emotionally, as well as physically, unprepared." That remarkable bit of logic is matched only by the method of proving Communist involvement: "The Communists move in once violence is in the air." Thus the tragic responses to social pathology in America have been tied to international conflicts and, in vague but effective ways, to treason. The analogy of ghetto violence and guerrilla action can only be intended to suggest how the country ought to respond to the former.

Nevertheless, HUAC's long-established methods of innuendo are probably going to remain, because in panic periods larger and larger numbers of people are willing to loosen their standards for judging what is a real cause of disorder. Nowhere can it be better illustrated than in the most current and perhaps most serious case against HUAC in the courts; one involving three Chicagoans who chose a novel approach to noncooperation. In May of 1965, Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, Mrs. Yolanda Hall and Mr. Milton Cohen received subpoenas to appear before a subcommittee appointed by HUAC to investigate "organization, tactics, strategy, and objectives of the Communist party in its Illinois district." Rather than cite the Fifth Amendment or risk contempt, Dr. Stamler and his associates brought civil suit against the committee on the ground that it had violated its own rules as well as the First Amendment. HUAC managed to institute a criminal contempt-of-Congress suit against the three, despite the fact that virtually all the issues would have been tested in the civil suit.

The Stamler case reveals the basic technique of the committee and why it is so appropriate during a period of reaction. That technique is the public interrogation of hostile witnesses. Once the witness refuses to testify, the committee counsel or one of the members proceeds to ask a series of undocumented questions which, when left unanswered by the hostile witness, suggests guilt on unspecified but vaguely menacing evils. Moreover, most of the questions concern themselves with alleged acts and associations of many years previous. Thus, the committee seems to concern itself not with "clear and present danger" but with danger clearly past.

All of this violates the constitutional requirement that committees have a specific legislative purpose. All of it in turn emphasizes the earlier observation that in periods of panic the connection between cause and effect becomes more and more remote. Legislative purpose requires a certain amount of precision. More important still, the clear historic effect of HUAC is to connect all internal dissent to some international problem in order to convert petty acts of protest into the ignoble and fundamental context of treason. The effect on the individuals directly involved should be obvious; the consequences for the community at large are far greater than might appear at first glance.

The confrontation between the convention demonstrators and the Chicago police last August best illustrates the character of reaction at state and local levels. The demonstrators may have been up to no good; they did in fact succeed in making the Democratic Party look pretty bad. And they intended, perhaps they even *conspired*, to obstruct convention proceedings, on the floor of the amphitheater if possible or in the streets between the amphitheater and the Loop if necessary. But the real question is, at what point did such protest constitute a "clear and present danger"? Some of the leaders were arrested and indicted according to provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1968, which, consistently with acts of repression in periods of panic, makes it a crime to cross state lines or to use interstate facilities to incite or participate in a riot or to *conspire* to incite or participate in a riot.

How do the authorities decide that they are faced with such a situation? It is of course under the rubric of "clear and present danger," which was invented during a period of panic and since then has cropped up to haunt us at every turn. The best example of how far "clear and present" was stretched at Chicago is the arrests at Michigan Avenue and 18th Street. Michigan Avenue and 18th Street is a mile or more away from the downtown hotels, and the demonstrators were leading a march *away* from those hotels. True, they were marching toward the amphitheater, but at Michigan Avenue and 18th Street they were still 5 miles away from their destination. At that distance and without guided missiles, "clear and present" sounds more like "vague and remote."

The weakness of the decision that was taken is underscored by a subsidiary reason offered by the officials: the marchers had to be stopped at that point because beyond it they would have been marching through Negro neighborhoods in which their presence might have tended to incite a riot. So a new definition of clear and present danger is introduced. "We must arrest you because you are a clear and present danger to yourselves." Obviously, "clear and present danger" can mean whatever the authorities say it means.

The great mistake at Chicago was neither the demonstrators' for being demonstrably uncouth nor the police department's for demonstrably losing its cool but Mayor Daley's for deciding that all disorder is danger, clear and present. Order does not in all cases mean law; in this instance, the Mayor tried to get his order through misuse of the law. Police will inevitably behave badly when they are given too much personal discretion, and people will inevitably behave badly when they feel their rights have been flouted. By vacating the First Amendment, the Mayor created the riots.

The 1969 temper of city authorities constitutes in itself a clear and present danger to individuality, because any direct suppression of unpopularity, because it is unpopular, is a direct threat to all individuality. When one recalls Holmes's original example of the clear and present danger against which preventive action might be justified—shouting fire in a crowded theatre—a distance of 5 miles is very far indeed. Worse, there is no longer any basis for determining when a potential cause of danger is too remote for suppression.

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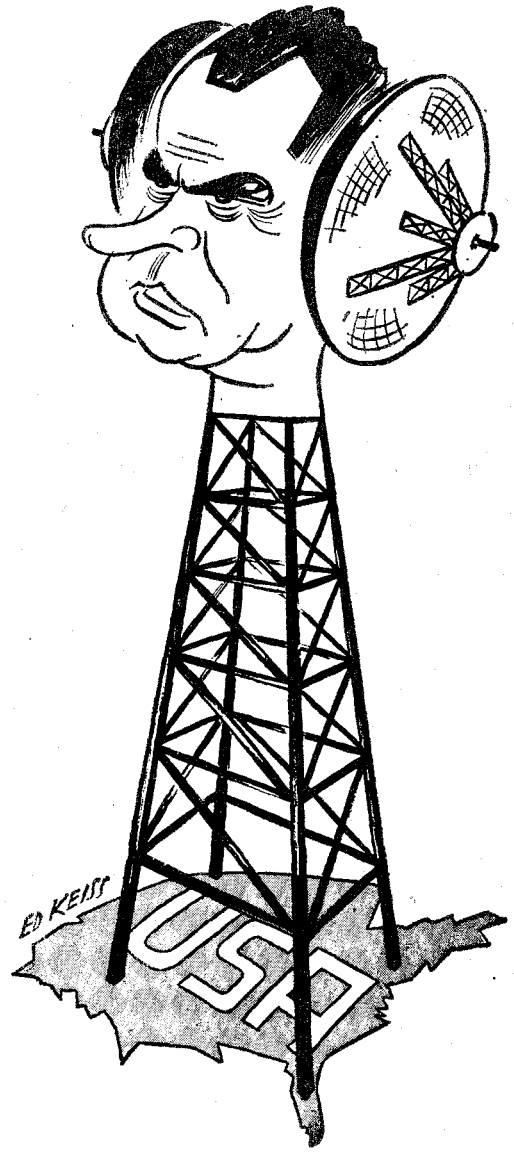
Another case will illustrate the way in which his group can narrow the rights of the individual. In 1951 a young man, upon graduation from the University of Chicago Law School, was quizzed by an Illinois Bar Association character committee prior to his admission to the practice of law. This young man had written an essay on the legal right of revolution, and it led the bar committee to inquire into his memberships—as though no one but a Communist dupe could write such an essay. He refused to answer, although he was quite eager to discuss his beliefs as such. His candidacy was rejected by the bar association, and without their approval he could not be authorized to practice law in Illinois. Now, the Illinois Bar Association is a private group. It is not a government; it is not subject to ordinary due process. Yet its power over its members is governmental to the extent that it is coercive and yet accepted by the community at large. The young man brought suit to force his admission. Three times he took his case to the Supreme Court and three times the Court reaffirmed the Illinois Bar by denying his petition for review. Exactly ten years after the Illinois Bar's first decision, the now somewhat older young man conceded that his exclusion was permanent, took his loss of occupation, accepted his $5,000 personal costs in fighting the case, earned himself a Ph.D. and became a professor.

The same power resides in other professional and quasi-professional groups, from doctors to barbers. It is also enjoyed by established unions. Only recently the Supreme Court reaffirmed a decision of the NLRB which upheld the power of unions to expel their members for increasing output above prescribed quotas. It is one of a series of restraints which unions have recently imposed.

Should such power be entrusted to any group—a bar association or a union? If we must do so, we should at least know that the cost is a direct loss of individuality. Bar associations and unions are but dramatic illustrations of a trend all too typical—the emergence of permanent, corporate groups that "help us" run our lives. If, as earlier observed, the only safe group is one which expects to be made superfluous by its success, one need look around only briefly to find the trend mainly toward ascendancy of unsafe groups. This includes many ghetto and poverty-based groups whose leaders have sought and gotten official sponsorship in the war on poverty, model cities or other community-action-type programs. How much individual liberty and dignity is gained for a poor black or white head of household if he must ultimately seek his welfare support, protection, political voice and employment through some officially recognized group spokesman? For example, if the Model Cities plan for the South Side of Chicago (Woodlawn) is adopted, those who remain in the ghetto will have little voice unless they are members of the Woodlawn Organization, and those who choose to leave may do so only at considerable loss of services and welfare privileges.

Individuality faces two threats in moments of crisis —one from its enemies and one from its friends. As to the enemies of civil liberties, the defense must be especially vigilant to community effects. The Stamler suit has, for example, helped hold HUAC at bay for four years, but



Latvia-Amerika, Canada

official investigations and prosecutions of this type tend strongly to have a "chilling effect" on the entire community's willingness to exercise the First Amendment right to protest. A recent analysis of public opinion data since 1946 reveals a shockingly close statistical relationship between HUAC and the old McCarthy committee activities and the disposition of the community to tolerate dissent. The Supreme Court has already ruled that state prosecution of civil rights leaders can chill the air against protest, but the Court has not yet expanded this rule outside the South and to federal and state efforts to create order by squelching dissent.

The threat to individuality by its friends arises because, when political change is as urgently needed as it is today, it is both desirable and inevitable that people organize to increase their power. But what happens to the single individual *within* the group? He can be liberated; he can also be lost. And if he is sacrificed to the group needs, what has he gained? Perhaps he has only exchanged one set of masters for another. Concretely, the building trades unions, the Black Muslims, or the Illinois Bar Association *can* constitute a greater barrier to individual dignity than

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such movements as George Wallace's squares or the Yippies. The latter types are obviously greater sources of disorder, but the former may in the long run steal away more individuality. In the end, there is no such thing as *group* dignity. There is individual dignity, or there is none at all.

The implications of these cases ought to point fairly directly toward the preventives that are appropriate against the reaction that will inevitably follow the war in Vietnam. The first need is for more organizations manifestly dedicated to loosening the hold of organizations—governmental and private—on the individual. In the early 1960s, less than one-thousandth of 1 per cent of the American adult population belonged to the League of Women Voters. Even at that the League has tended in recent years to de-emphasize its traditional role of education and civic training in favor of policy goals. In addition to the League, few other groups are dedicated to the expansion and maintenance of individual efficacy, and their appeal has not proved irresistible. At last count, only one-thousandth of 1 per cent of adult Americans belonged to the National Consumers League, and a bare smattering belong to the NAACP and the ACLU. By contrast, millions of Americans are tightly organized to attain one group objective or another.

The second need is for a large-scale effort to return to a civil rights approach in the cities. In the central cities this involves abandoning the war on poverty, model cities and other programs that depend upon government sponsorship of *group* self-government. One cannot hope for lasting change by sentimentalizing about the poor, organizing them and abandoning them. The change will come only from changing the rules that determine who shall be poor. In the suburbs this involves a true broadside against the very notion of suburban independence and self-government. Through incorporation and zoning, suburban governments keep themselves lily white and upper class in much the way that Southern states used their governments to maintain segregation. A collective, group-sponsorship, grant-in-aid approach will never bring the suburbs into the 20th century or give to all individuals the right to choose their locations. With the increase of city turmoil, the suburbs have tightened rather than loosened their hold on the cities.

The antidote to reaction is reaffirmation of the American social ideal. That ideal is not the Great Society but the Loose Society. The definition of what we recognize as a good society can be put in a single phrase: Law and disorder.

ULSTER AFTER THE BLUDGEONS

BENEDICT KIELY

Mr. Kiely is the author of Captain With the Whiskers *(Criterion) and* Dogs Enjoy the Morning *(Gollancz), among other books. His article, "Atlanta Turkey: Thanksgiving in the Hoosegow," appeared in* The Nation, *November 25, 1968.*

Ulster

On O'Connell Bridge, in Dublin City, a man who, like myself, comes from the County Tyrone said to me with great good humor: "All she needs now is for Prince Charles to fall for her." He was talking about Bernadette Devlin, a 21-year-old student at Queen's University, Belfast, and a native of Cookstown, County Tyrone, who, after a sweeping victory in a by-election in the mid-Ulster constituency, has gone to Westminster, the Mother of Parliaments, as the youngest present member, as the youngest woman M.P. ever, and the youngest M.P. ever elected under universal suffrage. She outshines the younger Pitt who had, of course, things going for him other than the mere will of the people. She is the first student activist anywhere to take a place in a national political assembly. She is, also, a hardheaded Ulsterwoman, and no jokes about M.P.s in mini-skirts can alter that fact. Running as an independent in mid-Ulster, she defeated the Unionist candidate, also a woman—an older one.

But just here let's have a few definitions.

A Unionist is a person who considers that the interests of the statelet made up by the six northeastern counties of Ireland are best served by maintaining the link with the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain.

The official Unionist Party has, with the aid of undemocratic practice, beginning, of course, with the undemocratic partitioning of the country in 1920, maintained itself in power for forty-nine years and produced an interesting state of political stagnation.

A Nationalist is (or was) a person who sees all the people on the island of Ireland as a political entity, and partition as an outrage against the will of the majority of the Irish. We need not go back now to the long conflict between Imperial Unionism in London and the Irish Home Rule movement. (One of the troubles about Irish political definitions is that you can keep going back and back and back.) That conflict ended in bloodshed and in the sour unsatisfactory compromise of partition which nobody wanted. Nationalism in the northeast has now for decades been limited to futile protests against partition, against sectarian discrimination in housing and employment. A monolithic Unionism, self-gerrymandered into security, could afford to ignore the protests. Then, within the last few years, that frozen front of Unionism began to crack.

Both in Dublin and in Belfast it began to dawn on politicians, or statesmen, or whatever you care to call them, that a little practical cooperation between the two governments on the island might help to do away with the ill effects of three centuries of sectarian hatred. Capt. Terence O'Neill, the Belfast Premier, was all for this cooperation. To say that he is, or ever was, a liberal would be to make fun of him and of the whole idea of classical liberalism. He is of the breed, seed and generation of landed gentlemen, and there are moments when I feel that he thinks

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the whole holus-bolus, from rabid Protestants to IRA, would hardly qualify as passable undergardeners. In this he may have a point. Good undergardeners are, the better sort of people tell me, increasingly difficult to find.

But Captain O'Neill, the noted leader of the official Unionist Party, did actually think that all Irishmen in Ireland could live and work together, and that the Pope of Rome need no longer have a monopoly in the nightmares of good Ulster Protestants. Against his "liberalizing" ideas he had a proportion of his own party; the hard core of the Loyal Orange Lodges, to which all but a few of the Belfast government belong; the ultra-Protestant churches, and a lot of honest rural rednecks—the best people in the world except that their minds have not turned over once since 1641. (There are, for instance, fourteen Orange Lodges in the district of the Mountains of Mourne in County Down. Of these, four voted—before the recent general election—to support O'Neill's policies. Ten voted against.)

All these ancient hatreds and fears found a voice in the Rev. Ian Paisley, a fundamentalist preacher highly regarded in the American Deep South, particularly at Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C., from which he holds an honorary degree. The parents of this North Irish fighting fundamentalist, or Wee Free Presbyterian, come from around Sixmilecross, a peaceful village which, as its name indicates, is 6 miles (Irish) or so from Omagh, the county town of Tyrone, and my own native town. But my one meeting with Paisley was at a Baptist Tabernacle in Marietta, Ga., quite close to the spot, now covered by the Chattanooga freeway, where Leo Frank was lynched in 1913, a Baptist minister being one of the lynching party.

There for two hours I listened, quite enthralled, to the Pauline-Lutheran-John Knoxian oratory of my fellow countryman. He said nothing positive, except: "It's all there in that Good Book." But for him and his responding audience ("Yea, Lord, Amen.") that was quite enough. He never mentioned the name of Paul but, with great subtlety, drew parallels and left it to his hearers to work out whether or not strange lights were to be seen in his cell when he was jailed in Belfast for breaking the peace.

This spring, he and his chief lieutenant, a Major Bunting, were back in jail, with or without strange lights, for breaking the peace by provoking violent opposition to a civil rights march in Armagh City. Here we come to the new thing in the northeast, the civil rights campaign and student activism. These are opposed violently by Paisleyites with bludgeons, who in turn are aided and abetted by the ineptitude, or worse, of the Unionist government, and by the behavior of a largely sectarian police force that has shown itself unable or unwilling to protect peaceful marchers from hooligans with clubs. As a result, the statelet has been reduced to a condition of chaos.

Ten or fifteen years ago it began to be obvious that something enlivening was happening among the students of Queen's University, Belfast. There was an active approach to problems, a disinclination to use the catcheries of the past—either Orange or Green. The results can be seen in the participation by students in civil rights marches on the U.S. pattern, even to the use of U.S. terminology and the resolute chanting of *We Shall Overcome*.

The most notable figure thrown up by the civil rights movement is John Hume of Derry City (Londonderry), a place that had during the thirties the worst of the depression, and that is still an economically underprivileged area. Hume, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was a college teacher, then went into business as an exporter of smoked salmon. He and his civil rights colleague, Ivan Cooper, a Derry businessman who had already been in politics as a Unionist but who was driven into the civil rights movement by the surrounding spectacle of social injustice, are now members of the Belfast parliament. At the recent general election—forced by the Prime Minister in an effort (unsuccessful) to dispose of the ultraconservative, or troglodytic, men in his own party, Hume and Cooper, regretfully, unseated two fine men, old-style Nationalists, Edward McAteer and Patrick Gormley. The election contest in each case was a model of gentlemanliness, and McAteer and Gormley, whom one can only hope are not forever lost to public life, accepted the fact that the voters who had formerly supported them as orthodox Nationalists now demand a new approach to the area's problems.

The Unionist voters did not show the same enlightenment. It was ominous that in the Bannside constituency the rabid Mr. Paisley, with a jail sentence for public disorder hanging over him, still gave the liberalizing Prime Minister a tight run for his parliamentary seat.

Paisley, in jail but conscious of his power over his simple-minded redneck followers, has ceased to be the joke that he seemed to be some years ago. When I heard him in his Marietta harangue he was extremely funny—for he has a rough sense of humor as Luther had, and a fair percentage of his press photographs show him, when he is not orating, as roaring with laughter—extremely funny, I say, when he told of his journey to Rome to protest against Canterbury meeting the Pope. He didn't get beyond the gates of the city, that is the airport, and the police and customs officials, looking wearily at him through dark glasses, must have thought that Attila or Alaric had come again.

The strength of his following in a statelet of about a million people was (just before the general election) pretty shrewdly estimated in the London *Sunday Times* in a perceptive article by Murray Sayle. In the twenty-five churches of Paisley's sect he has "perhaps 2,000 tithing adherents, perhaps 10,000 regular congregation." But there could be about 200,000 who say, "with varying degrees of conviction" that "there is something in what he says."

What he says is that the Scarlet Woman of Rome, the Whore of Babylon, has lain with every member of the government of the Irish Republic in Dublin, and has still had time to spare for a trick or two with Captain O'Neill in Stormont, the parliament house at Belfast. Furthermore, Mr. Paisley and his followers—the most notorious is the uproarious Major Bunting, who claims to have been saved by Paisley's preaching—hold that all civil rights marchers, who are in protest against electoral abuses and sectarian and/or political discrimination in the giving of housing and employment, are, in reality, Romanists or Communists, or rebels against Queen and country, or members

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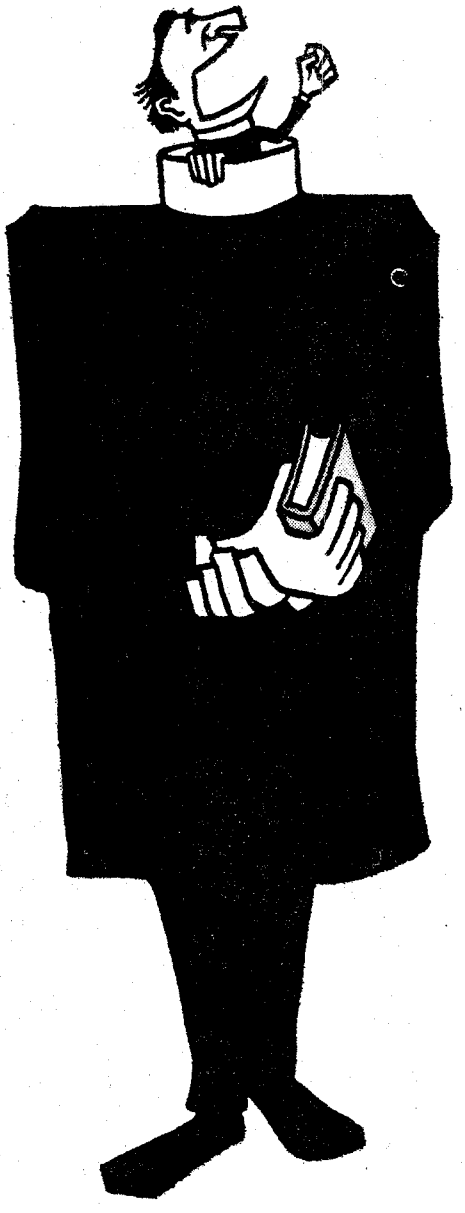

Cooper, Tribune (London)

of the Irish Republican Army, or Fenians, or the bleeding, perishing lot all rolled into one. As can be seen, Mr. Paisley is a man of unstinted imagination.

The Fenians referred to are not the followers of the great Fionn MacCumhaill of Gaelic saga but the nationalistic revolutionaries of 1867 who still have a rare life as hobgoblins in the ultra-Orange mythology. Alice Milligan, the old Abbey Theatre poetess, once wrote in a catching poem about how, when she was a little girl, her nanny used to frighten the children off to bed by saying that the Fenians would get them. Major Bunting must have had a similar nanny. Bludgeon in hand, and urging his merry men to attack the civil rights marchers on their tramp from Belfast to Londonderry, the Major cried: "Loosen your neckties, or the Fenians will strangle you!"

Major Bunting appealed to Belfast to ban all marches, parades or demonstrations except those that were "traditional"—by which he meant Orange parades commemorating events that took place in the 17th century. He inveighed (it's the only word) against demonstrative methods imported from "Eire"—by which he meant the twenty-six Irish counties governed from Dublin. Since his own son has been—to the credit of both of them—among the civil rights marchers, the Major must be aware that their inspiration, methods, terminology and marching hymn come from the United States. In Newry Town a man said to me: "It took the example of black and white marching together in the States to make any change in the pattern in the Six Counties."

It has been the hope of the civil rights marchers, such devoted young men as, say, in Derry City, John Hume, Ivan Cooper and Eamonn McCann, that by adopting those methods and that terminology, they would cut clear across the ancient, time-dishonored, sectarian and political divisions. So far they have some little success. It is estimated that Miss Devlin in mid-Ulster took 2,000 Unionist votes: a puny figure if you like, but a wonder here when you consider that she is a declared enemy of the tottering Establishment. But to many outsiders the struggle still seems to be a simple matter of Catholic against Protestant. *Time* magazine has described Miss Devlin as the new Catholic leader. I can't imagine any description that would less please, or worse describe, that hardheaded young Socialist. It is also the last hope of the die-in-the-ditch conservatives to keep alive the ancient politico-sectarian hatreds. The trick has worked before—notably in 1935. For any union of all men of goodwill, or just of horse sense, on a basis of common interest would end the regime as it now stands.

Paisley has given a new word to the hard-core brigade whose strength is in the Orange lodges and in the fundamentalist preaching halls. With minds formed in 1641, and unchanged since, these simple people see everywhere evidence of "a Plot": in Canterbury going to see the Pope; in Capt. Terence O'Neill meeting Jack Lynch, the Dublin Premier, or his predecessor, Sean Lemass; in all talk of ecumenizing. They can be so easily persuaded that anything they do not understand is a step back toward the Fires of Smithfield. Paisley has been described to me as the tip of the iceberg: underneath the surface is the vast fear of the Pope of Rome and the Irish Republic. The occasional stuffed-owl pronouncements of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy add to the fun. The civil rights agitation is to the die-in-the-ditchers simply a sign that the Pope and the Republic of Ireland are at it again: they are even the advance troops of the Irish Republican Army, the motley version of these degenerate days, which is, of course, an illegal organization in the Irish Republic. Several young student marchers who walked into assault at Burntollet Bridge (on the road from Belfast to Londonderry) and elsewhere, were shaken to find that they had come up against naked, unreasoning hatred, something ancient and evil.

In the past it has been argued that any progressive or liberalizing movement within Unionism would be dragged into the earth by the dead weight of the Loyal Orange Lodges. The confusion of the present time will test that argument. Ferment or movement is, at least, welcome in a place where politics have been so long stagnant, and

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where democracy has been badly twisted out of shape. The statelet still bears the stigma of being the illegitimate offspring of a long feud between privileged government in London and the majority of the Irish people. It was born, not of love but of misunderstanding and hate. Its very name is, as might be expected in any case of bastardy, in dispute. Ulster? Northern Ireland? The Six Counties? The Northeast? And a man's politics may be judged by whether he says Derry or Londonderry.

While I have been writing this article, Miss Bernadette Devlin has made her first and very impressive appearance in the Commons at Westminster; the British Home Secretary, James Callaghan, has made the sternest speech ever made by a British minister in warning to the Belfast Unionists; Mr. Craig, a Belfast government minister recently sacked by Captain O'Neill for his intransigence and general bigoted stupidity, has threatened untold Orange violence if Westminster intervenes; and the Belfast *Telegraph*, a Unionist paper, has reminded Mr. Craig that Stormont (Belfast) is not a sovereign parliament.

To top all this, Captain O'Neill has now resigned as Prime Minister, saying he did so in the hope that a new leader, "unhampered by personal animosities," might be able to get on with the moderate reforms O'Neill has been wearily advocating. That new leader is Maj. James D. Chichester-Clark, gentleman-farmer, veteran of the Irish Guards, and dismissed by Miss Devlin as "just another squire." He has announced that he has no "immediate solution," spoken vaguely about good will and trust, offered a general amnesty that has freed Paisley and more than a hundred of his followers, and promised that he will give something or other "a jolly good try."

Also: some gay blades are blowing up things, including the water pipe line from the Silent Valley in the Mourne Mountains to Belfast. The Orangemen blame the IRA. The IRA who, as even Callaghan points out, are always ready to claim the discredit for such operations, say they had nothing to do with it. There are always the militant (and armed) ultra-Protestants—Paisleyites to a man. Meanwhile, it is difficult to get a bath in Belfast City.

'THE DAILY WORLD'

COMMUNISM'S FAMILY NEWSPAPER

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is on the staff of C.B.S. News. Last summer's visit to the Soviet Union was the third he has made in that country.*

It is not easy to find the *Daily World* office. You walk down New York's seedy West 19th Street, past the trash cans in front of the Sure Service Company, check the address again with a workman outside Koenig's Iron Works, then come to a loft building on the corner. A directory in the lobby displays the names of several tenants—none of which is the *Daily World*. But you take an elevator to the eighth floor and to a door with a sign that reads Long View Publishing Company. Beyond it are the editorial offices of the *Daily World*, successor last year to *The Worker*, and America's only daily Communist newspaper.

Before attempting a more careful delineation, it is worth considering, briefly, the paradox of the *Daily World*'s survival as a newspaper with few paying customers and almost no advertising. How can it continue to publish in a town where spiraling costs have wiped out half a dozen large-circulation dailies in recent years? There would appear to be three chief reasons. First, the paper persuaded Bertram Powers, the tough-talking head of the New York International Typographical Union, to allow an automated shop, with control of the work flow of the teletypesetter in the hands of management rather than the ITU. Second, a high proportion of *World* readers prefer to get their paper at home, courtesy of the U.S. Post Office. As a result, its distribution costs are proportionately lower than those of, say, *The New York Times*, which must rely heavily on newsstand sales. Third, unlike other dailies the *World* does not rely upon advertising revenues to cover its operating expenses. The cash to meet the *World*'s operating losses is provided by bank loans which, in turn, are retired through fund-raising appeals and drafts on the party faithful. (A sidelight on the *Daily World*'s financial support, too predictable to omit, is its loyal readership among diverse government agencies, the FBI, local police departments, and rival radical organizations; few John Birch Society bookshops are without a recent copy of "America's only English-language daily newspaper dedicated to peace, democracy and socialism.")

In the long, desk-cluttered newsroom typewriters clatter, telephones ring, shirt-sleeved men scan proof sheets. The afternoon deadline is coming up. Now and then someone takes a cup of coffee from the machine, or goes to the wooden shelves that line the back wall to check a back issue of *The New York Times*. At the rear of the newsroom long tables are spilling over with file copies of *People's World*, *The Militant*, *The Village Voice*, *The Southern Patriot*, *The Wall Street Journal*. A tousle-haired woman darts by with a headline proof—DON'T SEAL THE MINE, ANGRY KIN DEMAND—it reads like a slogan chalked on a wall.

The *Daily World* is the semi-official daily paper of the U.S. Communist Party. Tabloid-sized, 12 pages (24 on weekends), it sells for a dime during the week, 15c for the weekend edition. The front page is a two-color picture window, designed to arrest the eye: a black banner headline with three or four decks of blue or red subheads, plus a vivid photograph. It takes plenty of emotional wallop to sell the party line. Observe how headlines such as WEST

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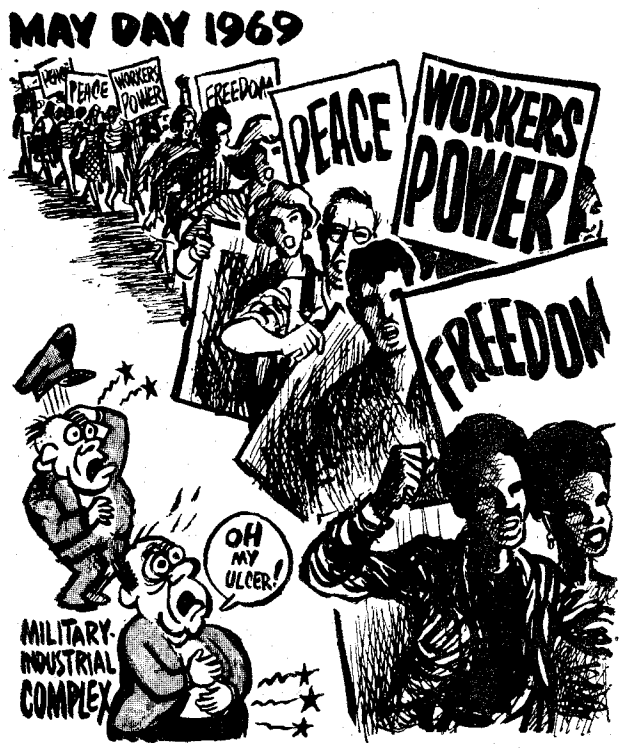
GERMANY DRIFTING AGAIN TO FASCISM, COMMUNIST WARNS; EAST GERMAN BUDGET MAPS BETTER LIVING; 1,000 IN CANADA HIT BY FORD YULE LAYOFF and ANOTHER 2-BILLION YEAR FOR AT&T,when grouped on the same page, provide the reader with an instant guide to positive thinking. The *World* selects the news of the hour and builds each story into a political melodrama ("Selection of a 14-member jury continues in the death trial in Union County Courthouse of 11 young black adults of Plainfield on trumped up murder charges in ghetto outbreak case."). This sense that the *World* is the champion of the underdog gives every news event a high coloration. To *World* readers, all West German leaders are "monopolists" or "neo-Nazis"; the New Left and Yippies are "exhibitionist 'radicals' " and Aristotle Onassis is "the dirty old man of Greek fascism."



Andrews, Daily World

The center spread is where the *World* displays its heavy artillery: editorials, Andrews' cartoon, Ben Levine's political commentary, "The Marxists Say" (a daily quotation from the thoughts of Marx, Engels, or Lenin) and letters to the editor. The rest of the regular features—Phillip Bonosky's theatre and film criticism, Ben Levine's TV reviews, John Morin's sports column: "The View From Left End," Bill Morris' labor column, and Andrews' strip cartoon, "Is This The Way It Was?"—are, like sentries, posted in permanent locations. News stories concerning racial unrest, school and campus disruption, Vietnam, are played up. Labor news usually gets a page to itself; other news is run in a column headed "Et Cetera." Since the *World* has only an occasional correspondent abroad, an important foreign story is often slugged "From combined wire service," which really means a goulash of Tass and UPI.

Compared with the mind-bending style of today's underground press, the *Daily World* is quietly written. It avoids four-letter nouns and verbs that season entire pages of the hip press. The inside of the paper is, in fact, as sober looking as *The Tablet,* and the classified ads solicit old Marxist pamphlets rather than new sex partners.

Nowadays even the House Un-American Activities Committee would have a hard time discovering anything that is evil, dotty or capricious in the *World.* If there is an overall tone, it is blandness. From time to time, the paper's general lack of snap will cause a reader to complain. Not long ago, one such reader, disappointed by the *World*'s rave review of *Hair* wrote: "Phrases like 'the humor is biting, quick and ever-present,' may be appropriate for the *Daily News* but it is not sufficient for a serious Marxist newspaper."

All this raises the matter of readership, and the fact that as a newspaper must have a personality or guiding aim, through which it communicates to its readership, so also it must have a cogent idea of the kind of readership it wants to reach. This cogent idea, in the case of the *World,* has been described by its executive editor, Simon Gerson, as students and white-collar workers. Thus the name change from *Worker* to *World.* But, unfortunately, the *World*'s guiding aim—which is to proselytize for the U.S. Communist Party—has little appeal to that ideal audience; young people tend to consider the *World* stuffy, old-fashioned. And recognizing this, there is at least a faction of the *World*'s management that would rather be (in their view) right than read. As a result, the readership tends to resemble the old-time party members who make up much of the *World*'s editorial staff. If you read the paper steadily, you form the impression that you are reading the house organ of some such fraternal organization as the Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers or the American Protective Association, whose members share a lot more in common than you do. *World* readers are treated like members of an old-time radical family.

Who are they in fact? Says Joe Brandt, the paper's general manager: "In the main our readers are veterans of the American class struggle, people who remember the WPA, the hunger marches of the thirties, people who live on Social Security." This kind of reader support is at once the strength and critical weakness of the new *Daily World.* The personality of the *World*—despite Mr. Gerson's wishes—is not its own to change. If the editors get too far in front of its present readership they will not only destroy the *World*; they will also rob the loyal band of aging readers of their *property.* If the *World*'s middle-aged and elderly readership has a message for the management committee, it is this: keep the homely proletarian flame burning bright. As one reader wrote with a heavy blue pencil: "Our paper must be a *people's* daily in the vanguard; it will be a *bulwark* against reaction. It will fight for *unity* of *all* peoples, for their *freedom* and *progress,* while being a *shield* and *defender* of existing rights. It will ask to *awake, arise* and *stand* to *struggle* and to *win.*"

Between thirty-five and forty people are employed by the *Daily World,* of whom about half that number do the actual reporting, writing and editing. Not all get paid; some, like Art Shields, the paper's 80-year-old star re-

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porter who lives on Social Security, work free. The two men who provide the editorial leadership are Carl Winter and John Pittman. Winter was born in Russia in 1907. His parents, both Socialist agitators with a Czarist jail sentence confronting them, came to the United States as political refugees. Winter attended public schools in Cleveland, and engineering school at Western Reserve. In 1929, already a member of the Communist Party, he moved to New York. In 1934 he visited the Soviet Union, and, on behalf of the party made contacts with underground groups in Germany. In 1936 he ran on the Communist ticket for Mayor of Cleveland. For the next dozen years he held a succession of party posts in Michigan and California. Indicted under the Smith Act, he served five years in prison. Once out of jail he joined the *Worker* in New York. In July 1968 he became co-editor of the *Daily World*. Although his journalism experience is extremely limited he clearly "belongs" in the great proletarian tradition. He is both victim and survivor of the McCarthy era, and has had the kind of experience with which many readers identify. Communists, like the early Christians, thrive on persecution.

Winter's chief concern, as guardian of the *World*'s ideological purity, is not so much circulation as the correct political interpretation of the daily news. Winter is naturally more interested in encouraging an enthusiasm for the Marxist way of life than in upholding the present social order. "What we're interested in," he says, "is not simply telling the story, but telling it in a way that tries to relate the event to the problems of the reader. In the Farmington mine disaster, for example, we focused attention on the corporate ownership and profits that resulted in the mine bosses overlooking safety precautions. We are always on the lookout for the interrelationship between the event and the social conditions."

If Winter's job is to take care of the long view, his co-editor, John Pittman, is the wheel horse of work. He sits at a cluttered desk in the middle of the newsroom, correcting copy, answering the telephone, spreading proofs with his free hand. Pittman is a large, solidly built man, now 62. A remarkably fair-skinned Negro, he gives the impression of a man of action, an executive rather than an intellectual, but one possessed of an assured arrogance, a hint of belligerence, and a sharp and watchful cynicism. Pittman was a poor boy, born in Atlanta, in 1906. His first job was as a bellhop in an Atlanta hotel, then office boy in an insurance office. At 26 he was editing *The Spokesman*, a Negro weekly in San Francisco. That kept him going through the depression. He worked on the Communist *People's World* in San Francisco during World War II, then moved to Chicago and became a columnist on the *Chicago Defender*, a Negro weekly. Between 1947 and 1955 Pittman was in New York working on the *Worker* as editor of the Sunday magazine. He then went back to the West Coast to run the foreign desk at the *People's World*. Finally, he returned to New York in 1968 to join the *Daily World*. As he talks he edits copy, shooting right-angled responses to the questions.

"What's headache No. 1?"

"Money!" Pittman explodes. "Most radical newspapers aren't even able to send reporters from one state to another, much less overseas. There is a great deal of difficulty getting competent staff. Most radical papers are unable to pay experienced men and women the kind of salaries they expect and deserve." (Top salary on the *Daily World* is $90 per week, and many get less.)

Joe Brandt, general manager, walks up and down his narrow office, waving bills. He is 58, but looks ten years younger although his hair is a bit gray; a full-faced, portly, enthusiastic man who appears to be in perpetual motion. Brandt beams with pride when he discusses the *World*, which has the best, goddammit, readers in the country. That is because they believe heart and soul in *their* paper, goddammit!

Brandt is a professional revolutionary, and very proud of his militant and active résumé (organizer, Pennsylvania coal fields; hunger marcher in the early thirties; CP organizer in the Little Steel Strike, 1936; member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain, 1937; wartime commando in U.S. Army; jailed under Smith Act in the early 1950s). Nowadays he pays the *World* bills, worries over circulation, and tries to figure out how to cover the annual $400,000 deficit. His salary, less taxes, is $75 a week; he works a twelve-hour day and doesn't feel a bit exploited! "When you believe in an ideal you have to make sacrifices for it."

The general manager of a Communist daily must be, above all else, a penny pincher. News is an unpredictable business. No one can budget for a coal mine disaster that has not yet happened, or student demonstrations that have not broken out. But in calculating expenses, Joe Brandt has several advantages that are denied his counterpart in the bourgeois press. First, reporters don't turn in expense accounts on the *Daily World*. Instead they draw between $5 and $10 a week for carfare and incidental expenses. When they travel they take with them the paper's subscription list, and are usually put up by a friendly reader. Second, advertising revenues are negligible so the *World* is not affected by the ups and downs of the national economy. Third, operating deficits are financed by bank loans, repaid by a steady flow of appeals for reader contributions. Thus the 80th birthday of Art Shields was a profitable occasion that brought in more than $5,000 in pledges and subscriptions. The average *World* reader, says Joe Brandt, may be no richer than his workmate, but he is a far better contributor to good causes. Nevertheless a visitor gets the impression that making ends meet is a never ending grind.

Faced with a balance sheet that would make a capitalist publisher swallow the stub of his cigar, Messrs. Winter, Pittman, Gerson & Brandt contemplate the trailing columns of red figures with equanimity. "It's not easy to publish a people's daily in a capitalist society," sighs Joe Brandt. More worrying is the glaring fact that—almost one year after its maiden issue—the *World*'s circulation is an unspectacular 12,000. Moreover, despite the comeback of the U.S. Communist Party in recent years—membership has doubled (from 6,000 to 12,000) since the late fifties—the *World*'s influence among the peace, anti-draft and black freedom movements is hardly visible.

If you ask Carl Winter what is the *World*'s ace in the

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hole, he will tell you it is the newspaper's deep commitment to "working-class journalism." What really sets the Red journalists apart from their New Left brothers is their remarkable dedication to the long view of things: it is their convinced view that, given time, the New Left will recognize that only the working class is the means to social change in America. "A Marxist daily," says executive editor Gerson, "with its firm working-class orientation, can help fuse the so-called old Left and the New Left into a United Left."

This, of course, presupposes that the Communist Party has a monopoly on Marxism and organization, but in recent years an increasingly vocal faction of the Students for a Democratic Society has challenged this idea. To bring about the kind of fusion Gerson describes, the *Daily World* must establish a broad readership among the New Left. It must, in effect, become *the* newspaper of the movement. And this it has so far failed to do. The gloom can be exaggerated. The *Daily World*'s future may be full of uncertainties; but in the inner sanctum of the Long View Publishing Company that is no reason for despair—so was the past.

PUBLIC TELEVISION

THE PRODUCERS ORGANIZE

CHARLES HORMAN
Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer based in New York.

In the middle of April, there was an almost complete collapse of morale in the world of public television. Some of the events which precipitated the crisis were barely related; but, falling as they did within a short period of time, they combined to persuade the working producers that their interests were not being represented in public TV's corridors of power. For a couple of weeks, real life in educational broadcasting skipped along like a particularly hectic script from *Mission Impossible*—the plot included such elements as lifted documents, midnight meetings and impassioned phone calls.

Out of this turmoil has come a happy result—the formation of the first producers' organization that is more interested in political than in bread-and-butter issues. After only two weeks of organizing, the Association of Public Television Producers includes more than 90 per cent of the men and women who produce programming for national public television and a smattering of the producers from affiliate stations in San Francisco and Boston.

For years these men and women had been flying to Appalachia, Mississippi and the universities to record the discords associated with social change. In mid-April, those forces came home to them. The men who filmed organizers have become organizers themselves. The ideas they have dealt with professionally—community control, participatory democracy, collective action—suddenly describe their own desires and situation.

Where they go from here is uncertain. Although they have been influenced by the community organizers they have filmed, they certainly could not be characterized as a Movement group; they are not that young or that radical. But they feel the same tremors which are shaking other professional groups around the country—tremors which were also evident at recent meetings of the American Physical Society and at the March 4 "work stoppage" at M.I.T. It is not just the young, the poor and the dispossessed who want power to shape their lives; it is everybody.

The association was organized fast, and it is obvious to its members that it could splinter just as quickly from a variety of internal disputes over program or tactics. So far, therefore, they have been cautious about describing their plans. Recently, however, they issued a statement on three issues—all of them important.

(*1*) *Annual funding.* Although many people have talked about the need for "insulating public television's funds," the Corporation for Public Broadcasting is applying to Congress, once again, for financing on an annual basis. There is a good political reason for this; no one in the corporation thinks that, given the mood of the Congress, it can squeeze out more than one year's funds. Bill Duke, director of national affairs for the corporation, says it hopes to submit a plan for long-range funding to the Congress later this year (although not with much expectation of success) but the Producers Association says that the time is now.

Annual funding, it says, provides irresistible opportunities for politicians to monkey around with programming. Jack White, president of N.E.T., recently told a meeting of the affiliate stations that annual funding would turn public television into a "domestic USIA." The members of the Producers Association agree and will lobby, before the public and Senator Pastore's Communications subcommittee, for immediate long-range financing.

(*2*) *Board membership.* "The people appointed to control public television under the Corporation for Public Broadcasting," says the producers' statement, "do not now fully represent the pluralistic society they are charged to serve; the board should include men and women diverse enough in background to faithfully reflect our pluralistic society."

One N.E.T. producer—not a spokesman for the group—put it more vividly: "The corporation's board was rigged by the Establishment. It represents the narrowest kind of political and economic interests. It's a little military-industrial-financial complex all its own. There is certainly no one black, poor, or young on it. We could make the most incisive films on earth, and it wouldn't matter. I don't think they'd ever get on the air."

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(3) *Direct censorship.* The producers fear the vetoes of a new panel, about to be established. This is the Public Broadcast System, an offshoot of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Its role is to assign time slots on the interconnected network lines. If the panel assigns you a time slot, you are seen by everybody (who watches public television). If the panel—for whatever reasons—does not assign you a time slot, the program is not seen on national public television. Thus, the members of the Public Broadcast System have virtual power of censorship over programming, if they choose to exercise it. "We are concerned," says the Producers Association, "that this board will be no more representative than the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and no better insulated from governmental and special interests."

Those are the association issues: but its significance goes far beyond them. An organization which has so quickly gained the allegiance of the vast majority of working producers is a powerful force, and its greatest power could be deployed inside the networks and local stations. It might—though so far it has not—throw its weight toward opening up new areas for documentary or news investigation. (For example, big business which, with the exceptions of two PBL forays, remains virgin territory for both public television and the commercial networks.)

There are other possibilities. The association might take in lower-level employees in public television or move into the commercial networks. It is conceivable that, had such a group existed several years ago at C.B.S., Fred Friendly might have won his battle with Frank Stanton, and the public might have seen George Kennan's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee instead of a sixth rerun of *I Love Lucy*.

Only a month ago, the Producers Association would not have been possible. Even now, it is difficult to believe that virtually all the producers from the Public Broadcast Laboratory and N.E.T. could have come together in one room and agreed on anything. That they agreed on something important is almost miraculous.

For two years, no love has been lost between N.E.T. and the Public Broadcast Laboratory. When PBL was first set up by the Ford Foundation, Fred Friendly and Av Westin's public statements strongly suggested that, whatever the claims of N.E.T., nothing much good had ever been done in public television, and PBL was going to change all that. There were many at N.E.T. who, understandably, gloated over every bad review that PBL received.

Anyone who thinks black-and-white-together is a tough order should try N.E.T. and PBL. During April, however, a series of events produced a crisis of confidence in the industry. These might easily have led to a new cycle of paranoia, parochialism and political infighting. Instead, they produced a consensus on major issues by almost all the N.E.T. and PBL producers. The meetings in which these men and women thrashed out their differences were closed to the press; but some of the events which operated both for and against their organizing have since become public. I shall simply narrate some of those events; and then try to describe how they fitted together to generate an urgent mood for change.

The crisis began on April 10, when Fred Friendly and John Macy held a joint press conference in New York to announce their plans for the future of public television. Since Friendly is TV consultant to the Ford Foundation —and Macy is president of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the plan seemed gospel. In essence, it dissolved the two-year Public Broadcast Laboratory, but established a new Washington-based production center to develop public affairs programming under the government-funded Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

At the same time, John Macy announced that within ninety days, the corporation would establish the Public Broadcasting System. Jack Gould, anticipating the producers' censorship fears, reported in *The New York Times*: "PBS, in effect, would be the ruling voice in making final decisions about what went over the network." Macy did not announce who would serve on that panel.

The day after the announcement, N.E.T.'s management called a meeting to reassure their producers that the plan really wouldn't change anything. The producers, however, had doubts. Some feared that a new production center in Washington would jeopardize their jobs or prestige. Others were specifically worried about the censorship power of PBS; and most were concerned about the problem of annual funding for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. At that point, the organizing for the association began—at the beginning, deeply interwoven with N.E.T. vested interests.

Several days later, an event unrelated to the organizing effort at N.E.T. made the crisis in confidence complete. A staff member at Public Broadcast Laboratory took Xerox copies of at least five highly confidential documents from the office of PBL's top administrator, Fred Bohen, and began passing them around to a few people who worked at PBL and N.E.T. (His justification was that the documents dealt with public issues and should have received public discussion.) The longest and most explosive of the documents was the 22-page first draft of a memo to the Ford Foundation. (The industry assumes, so do I, that the memorandum was written by Bohen but so far he will neither confirm nor deny authorship.) It contains suggestions for the future of public television.

Two passages in the memo were indeed surprising. The first—called "The N.E.T. Riddle"—suggested the phasing out of N.E.T.!

This was the plan. While dissolving PBL, Ford and the CPB should retain "a small nucleus of people who form perhaps the most outstanding group of organizational talent available anywhere in public television." These would comprise the base for "a national affairs news and special events producing network headquartered in Washington." (This plan was similar to the April 10 announcement which came after the final draft of the memo was sent to the Ford Foundation.)

Programming should be shifted to Washington "in the area of news analysis, special events, and public affairs documentary specials, with the goal of relieving N.E.T. completely of those areas of programming by 1970-71.

"For more than a decade," the memo continued, "N.E.T. has held a monopoly on national production for

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public television as a creature of Ford Foundation benefices. The organization has developed a potent constituency of local stations which support its record of competent, unspectacular programming.

"The creation of PBL two years ago was, I gather, to be the opening wedge in an effort to challenge this monopoly, to provide it with competition in the programming sphere, to create an alternative cadre of programming and administrative personalities and thereby to ease the way for a phasing out of N.E.T. . . . N.E.T. has the smell of stodginess and tired people." It is hardly necessary to remark that the memo caused a stir among those who read it at N.E.T.

The second passage outlined the membership of a board of governors for the public television service to be set up in Washington. Of a 9-to-15 man board, "some governors, perhaps a majority, would be explicitly named because of their prior identification with the development of one of the participating producing stations: others would be national men, and men with a deep commitment to the welfare of the District of Columbia. . . ."

The memo itself suggested seven men who might be willing to serve on such a board. The list included former CIA director John McCone; C. Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Edwin Land, president of Polaroid which makes cameras and hardware for the Defense Department; Max Kampelman, whom *The Nation* some time ago identified as vice president of a CIA-funded research organization called Operations and Policy Research Incorporated. Topping off the list was former President of the United States, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

The documents—to complete the history—were Xeroxed a second time in N.E.T.'s mailroom and handed about at both N.E.T. and PBL. On Sunday, April 21, they were leaked to the press; and on Wednesday, April 23, long excerpts from all the documents were printed in *Variety*. Thus, by Wednesday night everybody in television knew about the confidential memos and—since *The New York Times* did not pick up the story—almost nobody else.

When I phoned Fred Bohen at his home in Manhattan, he seemed hurt and genuinely puzzled that the reaction to the memo had been so strong. After all, it was a first draft. No one had any reason to think it had borne any resemblance to the final version which went to the Ford Foundation. As for the board of governors, there had been quite a bit of thought about the new structure, but less about the specific names.

"LBJ was suggested," said Bohen, "because, among other things, the new production center will serve the D.C. area. Quite apart from Vietnam and his national record, LBJ is very knowledgeable and interested in that area—and he's also been a great contributor to public TV. Naturally, there was the implicit feeling that getting the kind of funding to put public TV on the scene depends on people of national stature who have the attention of Congress."

There was, of course, no way to know how much of the rough draft had found its way over to the Ford Foundation, or how seriously it had been taken once it got there; but one thing was evident. In an atmosphere already laden with uncertainty, the memos released all the specters which had haunted public television and the liberal community for the past two years. It seemed to prove that as much politicking was going on at the top as staff members had conjured up in their most paranoid dreams; and some one had suggested—no matter how tentatively—a board of governors for public television which actually contained two CIA men and Lyndon Johnson.

"There was a curious relation between the dramatic release of the documents and what we were doing," said PBL producer Fred Wardenburg. "In one sense, they were impeccably unconnected. No one in our group bootlegged the documents or released them. No one at PBL wanted a stop-Bohen movement, or feels that Bohen is the enemy. Many people at PBL feel he's the best who's come along in his role at ETV. On the other hand, the air is charged with electricity from the release of the documents. There's a sudden expectation that it's going to knock things loose. It feels like the moment to form the group, while everything's up in the air.

The week the documents surfaced, many people cast an internal vote of no-confidence in the way public television was being restructured. The mood created by the Xeroxed material was neatly summed up, for me, in a short note which Stuart Sucherman, PBL's director of business affairs, tacked onto a 7-page memo briefing Bohen on the complex politics of educational television. It read: "Here are my political thoughts in extremely rough form. This memo is not for publication and has not been shown to anyone. I feel like saying that this memo will self-destruct in ten seconds."

That was it! *Mission Impossible*—where secret agents exchange clandestine instructions. The note—with its curious mixture of mild embarrassment and zest for intrigue—left those who read it with the impression that decisions affecting many lives were being made by a very few people in total secrecy. That was disturbing. The producers wanted a share in those decisions.

The documents generated a sense of urgency; but they also created tremendous problems for the organizers. "The thrust of the documents was very political," said PBL producer Don Lenzer. "Naturally, the N.E.T. people would react to that—but it never became the big issue for the association. From the start, people at both N.E.T. and PBL were mainly interested in being a positive voice—and to do that, the association had to stay together and not bog down in the old political infighting. Reacting to that document would have dissipated all our energy. The real proof that we got beyond it is that PBL producers—including those named in the memo to continue with the Washington unit—were at all the organizing meetings. If it had been a question of narrow self-interest, they would certainly not have been saddened by the demise of N.E.T."

For a week of hectic meetings at the end of April, they struggled to suppress old rivalries and face new issues. Finally, on Friday, April 25, almost all the producers at N.E.T. and PBL met in the conference room at N.E.T. and voted to become an association.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Churchill: Impossible and Impenetrable

CHURCHILL REVISED: A Critical Assessment. *By A. J. P. Taylor, Robert Rhodes James, J. H. Plumb, Basil Liddell Hart and Anthony Storr. The Dial Press. 274 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Mr. Dangerfield teaches history at the University of California, Santa Barbara. His most recent book is The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828 *(Harper & Row).*

The consensus behind these five essays, written by four historians and a psychiatrist, is (or would appear to be) that Winston Churchill was a great personality rather than a creative statesman. This interpretation will probably surprise no one, but it has added greatly to the tasks of the five interpreters. Are we still too near in time to this most complex Englishman, a man more distrusted in his day than any figure of comparable magnitude and, for a brief but glorious span, more loved and more admired? As a statesman, he was obsolete long before his death; but his personality is the personality of a genius, and it obstinately refuses to fall into place. Of all that has been written about him, the two published volumes of a biography compiled by the late Randolph Churchill and a group of assistants, no doubt because they are filled with lovely gobs of primary material, come farthest along the way: but they do so at the expense of looking like an incomplete jigsaw puzzle which will never, *never* be susceptible to completion.

His contemporaries were bizarre enough, but they seem to be far more manageable. A. J. P. Taylor, for instance, in his Leslie Stephen Lecture of 1961, has given us a brilliant interpretation of David Lloyd George who, with Churchill, was a blazing light in that gifted Cabinet which presided so shakily over England in the last years before World War I. The two men had something in common. Neither was a good party man. Both became great wartime Prime Ministers; each, on that occasion, headed a coalition government. (Indeed Lloyd George was so fascinated by coalitions that, as early as 1910, from motives which are still most debatable, he tried to form one with the Conservative Party as a way out of many looming troubles.)

Lloyd George was the more mercurial of the two, but then he was the more consistent. After he had ruined what was left of the Liberal Party in 1919, and had then become himself a victim (deservedly) of the Conservative establishment, he grew more and more fertile in ideas. At length, in 1929, he sponsored what may be called the greatest of all Liberal programs. It reads today like a manifesto of unrivaled eloquence and insight; it also reads, alas, like a funeral oration uttered over a defunct cause. It came too late; but at least Lloyd George could have said: "In my end is my beginning." The young radical who came out of Wales and stormed the heights of English politics was justified at length in the program of 1929.

One could never make such a claim for Churchill. He was a conservative, but his conservatism left no such monument as this. Ostensibly a Liberal after World War I, he began moving to the right until he joined Baldwin's ministry in 1924; and even then he continued his rightward movement although Baldwin's ministry was moving (if anywhere) gently to the left. His statecraft will not lead us very far into an explanation of his personality, which, as C. P. Snow once wrote, was "abnormally impenetrable to most kinds of insight." It is not to be expected, then, that A. J. P. Taylor, who writes on "The Statesman," and Robert Rhodes James, who writes on "The Politician," should be able to go all the way in.

Nonetheless, being accomplished historians, they have left us many useful clues; and perhaps the most important of these, and the most tempting, is their conviction that Churchill's greatest failure was a failure to communicate. Neither his public speeches nor his private conversations, says Rhodes, gave the impression of a dialogue. His greatest speeches were exhortations; he never could have produced a fireside chat. Now Lloyd George was a master of communication. He was a devious man; his love affairs were neither few nor fastidious; his sale of peerages and knighthoods was simply squalid; but he was never disliked or distrusted by his political equals in the way that Churchill was. Churchill, whose private and public lives were free from all trace of scandal, was the more suspect of the two because (among other reasons) he was far less intelligible, which is saying a lot.

Why did he desert the Conservative Party in 1904? Was it because he was disgusted with its attitude toward Tariff Reform? Or was it because he had perceived that it would soon be out of office? Why, when the victorious Liberals rewarded their brilliant convert with the presidency of the Board of Trade, did he become such a very radical Liberal? One of the answers is that he could never do things by halves. Another is that he had a genuine gift for administration, that there was no scope for conservatism in the Board of Trade in those days, and that he did not propose to exercise his gift in a vacuum. Labor Exchanges, the faint beginnings of unemployment insurance, a minimum wage in sweated industries—such were Churchill's achievements.

Yet another answer (and this may be the best one) is that it was quite in the tradition of Tory democracy, as practiced by Disraeli and advocated by Churchill's own father, to offer social reforms to the English proletariat in the belief that if it were thus rewarded, it could be trusted to behave.

But what if it did not behave? Promoted to Home Secretary, and faced with a railroad strike of grave proportions in 1911, Churchill sent soldiers hither and yon freely. He was never trusted by labor after that; and although (*pace* Mr. Taylor) Lloyd George was also unfortunate in his dealings with the strikers in those violent years, he was never unfortunate in so conspicuous a manner.

To crown his achievements in that Liberal government, Churchill, promoted at the end of 1911 to First Lord of the Admiralty, performed one of his greatest feats of creative administration at the cost of disavowing all his earlier and very pronounced views on naval economy. As a result, when World War I struck, the fleet was ready. We have only to add that, whatever else this feat was, it most assuredly was not radical.

Nor was it received with gratitude. Sir Basil Liddell Hart, who should know, is inclined to believe that Churchill's foray into Antwerp in October 1914 (generally considered a fiasco) had a decisive effect on the Battle of the Marne; and that his Dardanelles campaign was strategically sound but poorly executed by the commanders on the spot.

At the time, it seemed to be just one

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more wild scheme by an adventurer who overrode all professional opinion. When Churchill was removed from the Admiralty, the Navy itself rejoiced. Admiral Beatty called him a "succubus." George V, who was nothing if not a simple sailor at heart, denounced him as "impossible." "He is a public danger to the Empire," said Sir John Jellicoe; and Sir John, Commander in Chief of the Grand Fleet, owed his position to Winston Churchill.

How do we account for this? Churchill invariably charmed those who worked under him—Hassell's *Edward Marsh* attests bountifully to that—and he was anything but an easygoing or considerate employer. But to those more his equal, how often he seemed an aggressive intermeddler, arrogant, insolent, wrapped up in himself!

Dr. Storr, to whom has been given the delicate assignment of subjecting to psychiatric scrutiny a personage whom he never met, leads us a little more toward the center of this historical labyrinth.

It is well known that Churchill was of no interest to his wayward and waspish father, Lord Randolph Churchill, who almost became a Conservative leader and who died of a general paralysis of the brain. Churchill rewarded this neglectful and tragic figure with an obsessive adoration, learned his speeches by heart, wrote his biography, copied his brand of Toryism. In such obsessive love there may well lurk a deep hostility, which can only be worked out on others —the strikers in 1911 and 1926, the Irish in 1920, the Bolsheviks, a Gandhi, a Nehru. His mother was a New Yorker, a selfish beauty, who squandered his patrimony on herself, but never her love upon him.

At Harrow and at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, he was markedly unsuccessful. Short, redheaded, pink-faced, lisping—this was the rather unattractive specimen who hurled himself upon the world with all the assertiveness of a roaring repressed extrovert who was lucky enough to have been born the grandson of a duke.

Dr. Storr draws from this neglected childhood and from the now well-known fact that he was a prey to moods of deep and perhaps hereditary depression many conclusions in terms of ambition, aggressiveness, sympathy with the underdog (the worker, the defeated enemy), and fantasies of being especially reserved by fate for some high purpose. From these multiplied conclusions or suppositions, something like a recognizable Churchill emerges. Moreover, in spite of his extrovert's absorption in the political and social traffic of the outer world, Churchill (Storr believes) had an inner world of make-believe in which he played a heroic part. "We do not know, we shall never know [its] details," he adds.

But J. H. Plumb may come to our assistance. He was asked to write about Churchill the historian; and of the four historians who contributed to this book, he was given the most rewarding assignment. For it is clear that in Churchill the historian we have, at least for the time being, the only way of understanding—or perhaps one should say of guessing—what this inner world may have been.

Churchill was born in Blenheim Palace, that huge pile, dedicated to one man, John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, and lying (Plumb writes) "at the heart of the Whig legend to that past which the English had manufactured in order to underpin their imperial ambitions and in which Winston Churchill had implicit belief." Indeed, he may be said to have "spent his life in the service of that curious ideology of the Whigs, half truth, half fiction; half noble, half base." With him it took the form of a belief in the gradual progression of the English genius, through trial and error, from the Saxon womb, until it produced at last, after overcoming problems that would have taxed a lesser race, that monument to freedom, the British Empire.

This romantic interpretation of the past, though not entirely false, was extremely simplistic: but Churchill embodied it in splendid narrative prose, so that his *Marlborough*, in part, and to a much greater extent his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* can be read as works of art. Here, it may well be, was that inner world of make-believe in which he hoped to play a heroic part. So defective a sense of history could lead him into fearful blunders: as when he resigned from Baldwin's "shadow cabinet" in 1931 because he could not assent to dominion status for India; or when in a more generous but equally fatal mood, in 1936, he tried to form a party around Edward VIII in the abdication crisis. By this time his sense of history had endowed him with concepts of empire and of monarchy which were totally obsolete.

Here we should distinguish between a sense of history and a sense of the past. A sense of history—that is, of the omnipresence of recorded history and its "lessons"—requires that history cannot be written, and should not be read, without a feeling that the past demands a future. (Hence Lord Acton's paradox, that we imagine the past and remember the future.) A sense of the past, which is a deep sense of the existential past, as embodied in the living generation, is even more emphatic on this point. When Churchill, in his greatest moment, said that he had nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat, he was talking of eventual victory, of certain survival; and (for once) he established a genuine dialogue and spoke straight to the responsive heart of England. As A. J. P. Taylor says, "no Englishman who lived through 1940 can regard him dispassionately."

And when he spoke in this way, his sense of the past was uppermost. The English have rather an odd feeling toward military exploits: they seem to take more pride in courageous defeats than in victories (at least on land); or, to put it another way, they are apt to boast that they lose every battle but the last one. (In the same mood, they have been known to claim that the Empire was acquired in a fit of absent-mindedness, which is pure rubbish.) This means that the retreat from Mons is a favorite military exploit; that Moore at Coruña is more celebrated than Wolfe at Quebec; that the charge of the Light Brigade is remembered and the charge of the Heavy Brigade forgotten; that Southey once wrote a poem, which children in my day were expected to learn by heart, making light of the Battle of Blenheim; and that Waterloo has rather a bad name. ("He's met his Waterloo," though not used much any longer, was once a very common saying; and it always carried with it a sense of dismal defeat.)

Sir Douglas Haig is not one of my favorite characters, but how right he was, in an hour of impending disaster, to hearten his troops with an order that began, "With our backs to the wall." That is a posture in which the Englishman felt comfortable, and perhaps he still does: and Sir Henry Newbolt once wrote a poem about it called "Vitai Lampada," which has the peculiar quality of being both very silly and quite true.

Thus Churchill's sense of the past struck exactly the right note, addressing itself to a side of the English character which is wholly admirable, but which his sense of history might not have recognized. He was by no means an optimistic man; he was a man, rather, who responded best to crises: but he did believe that a past demands a future. It is, of course, because this kind of belief seems to be lacking in the military-industrial complex, which is the most characteristic ruler of our destinies today, that the youth of the world is so disillusioned or so enraged. "Give us back our future," is what it is really saying. In reply, the ABM systems increase, the wars go on. Churchill was obsolete, but not in that way.

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Toppling a Delicate Balance

ANATOMY OF A CRISIS: The Laotian Crisis of 1960-1961. *By Bernard B. Fall. Edited with an Epilogue by Roger M. Smith. Doubleday & Co. 283 pp. $5.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now working on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by the Viking Press.*

This unfinished but essential book is another measure of our loss with the death in Vietnam of Bernard Fall. Few writers are indispensable. Fall was, because there was no one else writing in English who had the knowledge built up over the years to tell us with his depth and lucidity what was happening in Indo-China. Even though this book was put aside in 1961, undoubtedly to be finished later when Fall could get away from the even greater tragedy unfolding in Vietnam, it tells us more about the tragic, almost comic sequence of events in Laos than we are ever likely to learn from anyone else. Historians of that melancholy time and place will forever be in Bernard Fall's debt.

There is sometimes a temptation to dismiss what happened in Laos in the late fifties as a *divertissement* of *The King and I* sort, with the well-meaning Americans bumbling into a tiny, faraway kingdom whose people and places had charmingly improbable names. But this was a real place, no Oriental *Brigadoon*, and the Americans, whatever their intentions, brought bloodshed and chaos, with the final chapter—almost certain to be an unhappy one—yet to be written. Nor can what happened in Laos be dismissed by the "realpoliticians" as a minor mistake, for it demonstrated the Holy War attitude of the American Government, whether under Eisenhower, Kennedy or Johnson, that led almost inevitably to Vietnam.

The word "tragedy" is much overworked these days, but what other word is there to describe what Fall has written? In brief, although the events approach an incredibly complex and grotesque comedy, Prince Souvanna Phouma, with infinite patience and care, had constructed a neutralist government in Laos only to have it smashed by U.S. intervention because it was not sufficiently anti-Communist.

In what can only be termed a miracle of diplomacy, Souvanna Phouma went to Peking and Hanoi and got their agreement for a government formally neutral but actually pro-Western. He then got the Pathet Lao to participate in a coalition government, muster out most of its army, and integrate the small remainder into the Royal Laotian Army. When you consider that this was all done on the doorsteps of China and North Vietnam, this delicate balancing act should have occasioned hurrahs in Washington. But no, Souvanna Phouma's triumph was brusquely dismissed, the CIA and the State Department (sometimes supporting contending factions) barged in, toppled the coalition, and in four years totted up these achievements: wasted most of a half billion dollars in aid, so corrupted the army that it usually turned tail and fled as soon as (and sometimes before) a shot was fired, pushed China and Russia into supporting the Pathet Lao so it grew powerful enough to conquer most of Laos, caused Hanoi to discard the restraints imposed by its agreement with Souvanna Phouma, and began a chain of misery for the Laotian people that has no end in sight.

The irony, of course, is that the pro-Western Souvanna Phouma knew that the only way to keep Laos from going Communist was to keep it neutral, but Washington knew better and thus by the only criterion that seems to matter in Washington—denying Laos to the Communists—its policy was a complete and utter disaster. And after such a debacle in Laos the same people trotted off to South Vietnam to do it again; this time bigger and better.

Fall takes us every step of the way, beginning with a short history of Laos, an account of French rule,

Noam Chomsky "Chomsky reveals himself as both a polemicist of the first rank and a morally impassioned scholar, determined to recall American intellectuals to their traditional responsibility for speaking the truth and exposing lies."—ROBERT A. GROSS, *NEWSWEEK* "Even those essays which might be familiar, turn out, on a second reading and in juxtaposition with the others, to yield unusual rewards. Chomsky's formulation is quite special and his tone is all but unique—its riches cannot so easily be exhausted. One of the few comforts available at this terrible moment, is that we continue to produce men of Noam Chomsky's honesty and stature—and continue to have them published."—MARTIN DUBERMAN, *NEW REPUBLIC*

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and a detailed account (often based on first-hand knowledge) of events in Laos since 1945. Perhaps too much detail for the general reader but terribly useful for the specialist, the historian and perhaps even for those in Washington now responsible for our foreign policy.

Fall makes a number of important points: one, that the lower- and middle-level State Department people were both intelligent and realistic but that, as in many other areas, their sensible proposals were ignored by the higher-ranking crusaders who were motivated, even obsessed, by a mindless anti-communism. And this book causes the reader to ask once more what I wish successive administrations had asked themselves every day: Why do "our" Laotians (or Vietnamese or Chinese or Cubans or whatever) invariably become corrupt and reluctant to fight while "theirs" almost invariably are honest and courageous? Motivation perhaps?

There's another important question Fall asks. Why was American press coverage of Laos so bad? He is blunt and tough in his criticism, particularly of *The New York Times*, which he accuses of both careless and unquestioning reporting, accepting at face value what was handed out in Washington and Vientiane even when it was at wild variance with the facts. I have no way of judging Fall's criticism, but the way he cites chapter and verse is mighty persuasive. And certainly his quotation of *Times* editorials of a decade ago leaves little doubt that it was uncritically hawkish at a time when more perceptive editorials might have helped prevent successive administrations from sinking deeper into the Indo-Chinese quagmire. Happily things have changed at the *Times*.

Perhaps it is a perverse pleasure, but many will find this book worth reading if only for Fall's lovely critique of superhawk Joseph Alsop. Poor Alsop. He is so omniscient, so marvelously gifted at filling his columns with "facts" that no one else can ferret out. The only trouble, if Fall is to be believed, and here I believe him unreservedly, is that Alsop will swallow anything that fits in with his preconceptions, and unerringly searches out the man who will tell him what he wants to hear. Alsop evidently wants to report only the truth; it's just that he seeks it in such unlikely places. I'm still smiling when I think of Alsop's column in which he dramatically tells of the mighty Seventh Fleet being ordered to "assist in the defense of Laos" and "steaming grimly and majestically southward" . . . to landlocked Laos. But there is a serious indictment here: of America's crisis journalism with foreign correspondents descending like vultures to be in at the kill in some exotic spot, but with an almost complete, even splendid, lack of knowledge of what led to the crisis. Fortunately a few news organizations (but only a few), among them the *Times*, are attempting to overcome this by sending men to critical areas before crises come to a head.

Although my admiration for this book is almost complete, I do have a couple of reservations. Fall seems to regard the Vietminh attacks in Laos as an unjustified assault, as if that unhappy land, used as a base for French operations, could be separated from the peninsula-wide struggle against French colonialism. But it is easy to sympathize with his affection for a people whose crime, like that of the Czechs, has been to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Further, the book rather peters out toward the end, dealing but sketchily with Kennedy's handling of Laos. Indeed, it ends entirely before the final agreement in Geneva in 1962 that brought the Laos crisis to a temporary resolution. This, of course, would have been rectified if Bernard Fall had lived to complete the book.

These reservations are minor, however, for the main events took place after Dienbienphu and before Geneva. And for those years Fall has writ a book basic and irreplaceable. Ac ing to its value are a good ind and bibliography, complete notes an appendices including important docu ments. And Roger M. Smith of the University of Michigan has written a fine epilogue.

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Double Exposure

SPRING JOURNAL. *By Edwin Honig. Wesleyan University Press. 64 pp. $4. Paper $2.*

L. ALAN GOLDSTEIN

Mr. Goldstein is the editor of LOS. *His poetry and fiction have appeared in several literary magazines.*

The cover illustration reminds us, even before we open the book, of Edwin Honig's peculiar life style. Here is a burgeoning green world of forms pushing and squeezing one another into eruption, and strutting across the right-hand corner a white outline of a bull. Its dead-pan face stares out at the reader; the face is Honig's. This witty scene transcribes the typical pose of Honig's early poems: a spectator among intermittent holocausts, going about his business like Buster Keaton dodging boulders in an avalanche.

Often those early poems suggested the harrowing unhappiness that masquerades as wit, the weariness with those self-created Furies Honig called the gazebos:

> *Friends, multitudes, oh lifelong shadows: are you my filth, my worn out longings, my poems that dog me til I die?*

In this new collection (his fourth), Honig turns to confront his shadows and remake his soul by casting them out. The excitement of his poem "Spring Journal" is the identification of those old demonic forces with the war-making, anxiety-

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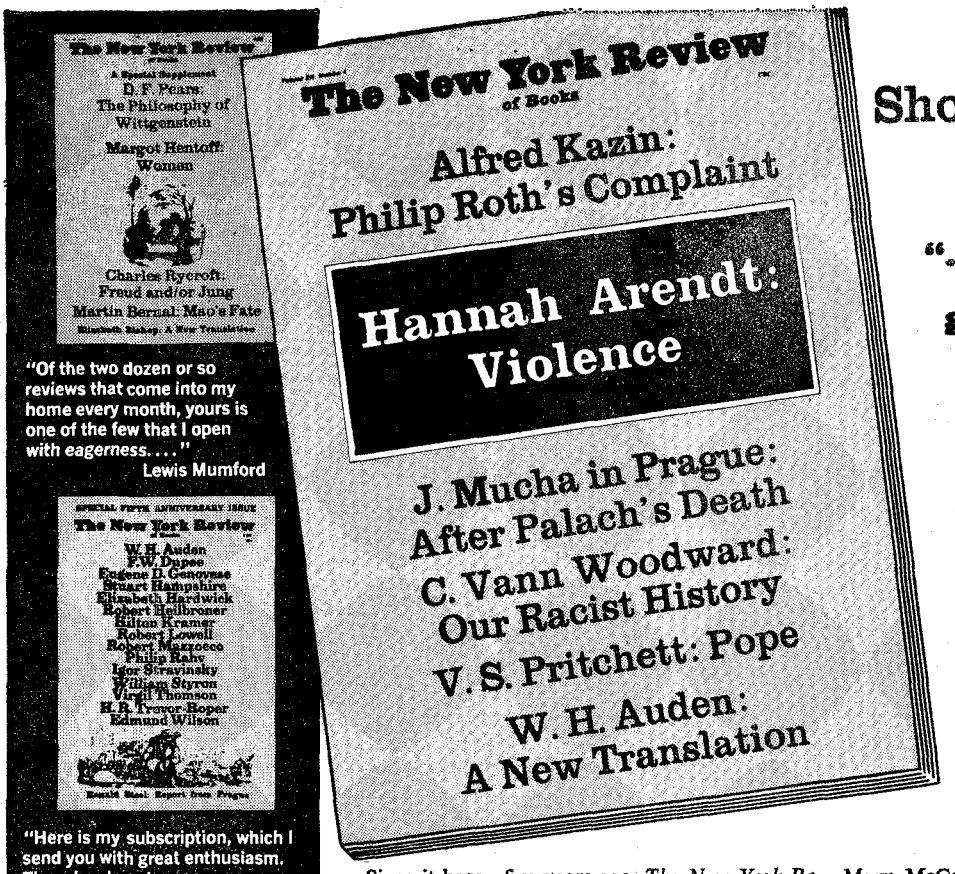
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What is more, *The New York Review* has published major studies which have re-oriented discussion of the great issues of our time. For example, Hannah Arendt's "Reflections on Violence," or Noam Chomsky's devastating essay on the politics of dissent, "The Responsibility of the Intellectuals," or I. F. Stone's four-part series on the *modus operandi* of the American Military Establishment. Edmund Wilson's now famous essay, "The Fruits of the MLA," demonstrated the deep flaws in the expensive scholarly editions sponsored by the Modern Language Association and the shoddy scholarship they represent.

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Elizabeth Hardwick, winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Theater Criticism, writes regularly on the state of the theater in *The New York Review*, and David Levine contributes his inimitable caricatures every issue.

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making agents of history. The poem begins by concentrating the chief motifs in a single image. Here is the first of twenty-two sections:

Suffused by paint-cracking warmth in
a steamheated room,
late winter rain
slushing away through the snow, the
traffic, the auto horns
bleating and shaking
their cages outside, I linger behind
pulled shades
lost in the dumps
of my own stock presence; with armies
caught stark on the edge
of command slowly tearing
their minds awake, I loll half-dozing,
attuned to
the rise of a day
embalming the mouth, muting the
whistle of play,
the twitch twitch *of birds*
in the melting boughs of a grimy New
England day;
gripped in the bowels
of a gray tabernacular house, I lie
photographing
the self—myself,
all selves, bright and to fade, as once
Mathew Brady,
in innocent camps
of suffering, snapped the tired grim
lounging dying
Blue and Gray.

The poet can photograph our contemporary civil war without leaving his house because he embodies it. Section by section he produces snapshots of evidence—McCarthyism, the Eisenhower tedium, and especially the sad exuberance of Vietnam. Gradually the stills begin to compose a workable self; the wit increases with the insistence of spring. The verse begins to reflect on itself, exalt and belittle itself as it swells and faints, "hobbles on stilts" with the pulsations of excited reverie. Here are the final lines:

High noon. It's time to get up—jump
into my pants,
run out and dance
in the foggy streets of Providence,
play God—
maybe bring out the sun!

The poem ends on a note of release, not yet discovery. According to Honig, "Spring Journal" is "the first portion of a work in progress whose final form and length are not yet determinable." Future books will have to justify the joy of these final lines if the tone carries over, but as it stands the dance succinctly relieves a long morning of self-analysis. The irregular meter and long lines controlled by the (almost always) regular double accented short lines, make the poem capacious enough to accommodate the flux of subjects, shifting tones and polemics that compose the journal. If the topical range of Louis MacNeice's *Autumn Journal* is wider, this lineal descendant has the crucial advantage of being thirty years younger.

Twenty-five short poems comprise the bulk of this collection. Remarking on Honig's early poems, the novelist John Hawkes has written: "Nearly all of these poems construct a kind of ghostly and biting double exposure, or hold in some mercurial suspension, suasion, the two deplorable and astounding processes —that of dying and that of birthing." The first part of the collection contains mostly "death poems" and the second part a number of poems about Honig's two baby sons, so Hawkes's description remains pertinent. I prefer the first section, where the intense and "ghostly" self-colloquies strain to bring the dead back to life.

Honig sometimes permits abstractions and platitudes to collapse a lyric into absolute flatness, but most often he addresses "the thinking ear" with original rhythms, and a characteristic use of metaphor that deserves an essay to itself. Individual taste will determine which poem does which. My opinion is that "November through a Giant Copper Beech," "Her Hand," "King of Death," "Back to Tahiti," "Second Son Day," and "Ah Life, this Lowgrade Infection" have the unique life intensity of Honig's finest poems.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

Vol. XIII, No. 2 SPRING 1969

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

TIKE And Five Stories. *By Jonathan Strong. Little, Brown & Company. 210 pp. $5.75.*

After any number of false alarms, the publication of this novella and five stories marks the arrival of a writer who can speak for the sixties as Salinger did for the fifties. Mr. Strong, who is 24, writes about what it's like to be young now; to have a first love affair; to leave a friend; to be a lover; to be part of a family; to come down from drugs in a mental hospital. Simple enough, but Mr. Strong combines a deceptive surface fragility with a tough, direct, and absolutely authoritative sense of who his characters are and what the world is like for them. His remarkable, unaffected spareness is possible and successful because he trusts his reader; his material barely runs to book length, yet it is far more substantial than works twice its size by novelists of great reputation. Only once in a great while does a writer of such immediately evident talent appear.

A DOG'S LIFE. *By Michael Holroyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 182 pp. $4.50.*

Although Iris Murdoch has perfected the genre, this day in the life of a sad, wacky English family whose dog is dying is creditable and absorbing. Three generations of the Farquars are slowly moldering away in This'll Do, the crumbling family house in Cheshire. The death throes of their semi-beloved dog provoke a lot of action, which includes the temporary return of a former wife, a miraculous extension of military leave for an army-hating son, and a general exposure of eccentricities by all concerned. What they all have in common, of course, is their loneliness, which continues, unabated and at its usual low key, to the adventure's end. Seymour Chwast's lovely jacket drawing is a perfect backdrop for this charming, if slightly forced, tale.

THE MARGIN. *By André Pieyre de Mandiargues. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Grove Press. 216 pp. $5.95.*

A Frenchman on a short trip to Spain arrives in Barcelona to find a letter announcing the death of his young wife. Instead of reading it through—and finding that the tragedy has been even more immense than he has imagined—he spends three shocked, limbolike days in Barcelona's red-light district, drawn to

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a young prostitute, haunted by Spain's and his own past, and postponing the moment when he must conceive of even the idea of a future. In his rich, detailed description of these three days, Mandiargues succeeds beautifully in making the reader an accomplice of his hero, whose memories, dreamlike rituals, perceptions of the present, and final decision about his own life are wholly believable. Richard Howard's translation, which includes the deft handling of a number of tricky changes of tense, is fine.

CATCHING SARADOVE. *By Bertha Harris. Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.95.*

Saradove is a girl from North Carolina. Miss Harris' novel follows her through her life in Greenwich Village as she tries to discard the bonds of her childhood and the ghosts of her warring parents so that she can function as her own person, instead of a receptacle for the sad patterns imposed upon her by her past. The author alternates between describing Saradove's relationships—first with some Lesbians, and then with a young man—and her childhood memories, along with fantasies about both. The trouble is that almost every sentence of this novel is so laced with obtrusive metaphor that reading it through is a really exasperating business. By piling image upon sticky image, the author insists on describing how sensitive her heroine is without ever really demonstrating it; the result is an awful lot of sugary icing with very little cake.

THE STORIES OF JAMES STERN. *By James Stern. Harcourt, Brace & World. 270 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Stern, Irish by birth, is highly regarded in England. Most readers in this country will find these stories, selected from his published work, oddly anachronistic, for many of them try to evoke sympathy for the proposition that it is lonely to be privileged by class or color because one is thus denied the earthy abandon of the nonwhite or the nongentleman. One story, set in South Africa, shows how a desperately isolated white man discards his sexual taboos when his sheer desire for a woman leads him to sleep with a black servant. Wow. In another, an educated Englishman is put in his place when he presumes to court a lovely working-class girl, who chooses a local lout rather than risk the crossing of class lines. Mr. Stern is a skillful writer, but there is a colonial—if liberally so—sensibility here that is uncomfortably white man's burden. One keeps wanting to tap his very well delineated characters on the shoulder and announce that they are not lonely because they are white or because they are upper class but because they demonstrate an ill-disguised condescension toward those who are not.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Nicol Williamson's Hamlet is different. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.) To quote a columnist, he is unlike any other Hamlet I have ever seen. For this reason he fascinates a large part of the audience.

He is not the "sweet prince" to whom Horatio bids good night. His heart is more arrogant than noble, and had he been put on the throne he would not have proved a prince "most royal," as Fortinbras in the text (omitted in this production) proclaims. Even in his father's lifetime, we suspect, this Hamlet was a most discontented being. He must always have been "less than kind."

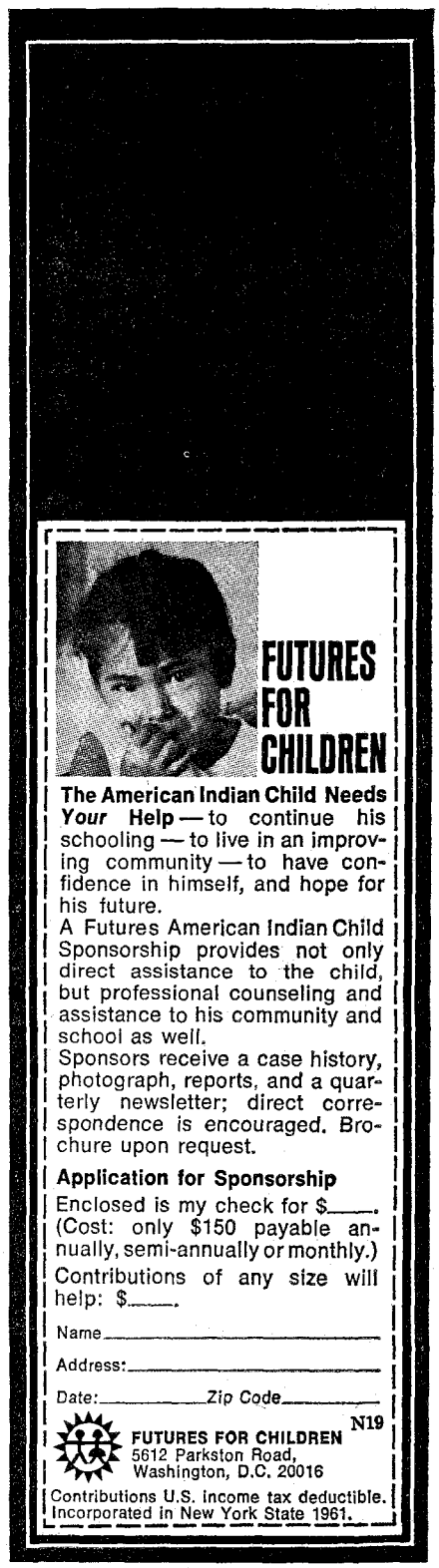
When Hamlet first appears here in his "inky cloak" he looks as if he had just learned that he had to undergo a major operation; one anticipates a tragedy in a common-sense if not a lofty mode. His speech throughout, when overvehemence and a too rapid pace does not erase it, is utterly clear, prosaically intelligible. The delivery is straightforward; there is no doubt as to what he means. At times, as in the address to the Players, he is almost funny.

There is no mystery in him. His is not an intellectual perturbation; what he manifests is spleen. His sharp nasal diction tends to a sneer; his characteristic emotion is contempt. He is Denmark's angry young man. For him Denmark was always a prison; he was never capable of setting the time aright.

Williamson is rarely gentle. (His powerful voice lacks scale and modulation, except for increase of volume.) Even in love-making he engages in gibes. This is to some degree a legitimate reading, but it lacks variety. There is, for instance, not sufficient differentiation between his initial teasing of Ophelia and the later moment when, in discovering that Polonius is spying on him, he turns his banter to scorn. Of tenderness (or sexual passion)—"I did love thee once"—there is barely a trace.

Though Hamlet says of himself, "For though I am not splenetive and rash . . ." it is always these qualities which are most evident. When Hamlet (Williamson) has to speak reflectively his discourse is plain enough for us to follow it effortlessly, as in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, but the speech is not placed in context: it is not made part of Hamlet's situation, it is divorced from his particular dilemma. The result is a reasonable interpretation of isolated passages which become dramatically significant chiefly in the eruptions of violence.

I have said that Williamson's Hamlet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NORTH

An owl hovers in the sky.
The sky keeps getting tangled in the trees.
In the trees the leaves are like small cities.
Small cities are lighted by the hydro-electric station.
The hydro-electric station is far to the north.
Far to the north there are waterfalls.
Waterfalls become electricity.
Electricity flows like water in the wires.
Wires lunge through the trees toward open air.
Air falls downward into night.
Night is everywhere, there is no space now.
There is no space now, only distances from—
From where anything is lost.
Lost in the night the sky hovers.
The sky hovers like a hungry owl.

JACK ANDERSON

is angry: in the end I found it just nasty, its tone guying. He has more bad temper than melancholy. It is said of Hamlet that he has "lost his mirth." This Hamlet never seemed to have any, only cynicism. Thus there is but the faintest indication of a real mind or a profound spirit. He is no courtier, statesman or splendid soldier.

Those who praise the production are relieved that it is not a "traditional" *Hamlet*. Such *Hamlets* are indeed mostly bores: they lull an audience more than they move it. Williamson's Hamlet is certainly no bore, but it is one thing to cast tradition aside; it is quite another to create a rounded character composed of Shakespeare's grandeur of conception.

This lack of tragic dimension or elevation explains the enthusiasm with which most critics in London greeted the performance. Depressed, England today is impatient of even the echo of pomp and great occasion. A jeering manner is highly prized. Hamlet and the production around him not only eschews pageantry and elegance but seems to prefer shabbiness—which is not the same as simplicity. (In this it may be said to have been influenced by Brecht, but Brecht's spareness has dignity, his austerity pride.) In the latter-day London atmosphere everything except curses and snarls of spite is downgraded. The words remain more or less Shakespeare's, the key is John Osborne's.

Williamson is a well-equipped actor; he has remarkable energy, intelligence and acrid honesty. But there was much more intensity of feeling and thought in his Maitland of *Inadmissible Evidence* than there is in his Hamlet.

The Public Theatre, which usually limits the duration of its productions to three weeks, is now presenting Charles Gordone's *No Place To Be Somebody* for what it hopes will be a long run.

The program designates the play as a "black, black comedy." Though it is not without humor, it is predominantly a slice-of-life melodrama. However, several (possibly unneeded) interpolations of comment precede each of the three acts; they are spoken by a figure related to an actor-writer in the body of the play. Also included is a dream figure, emblematic of militant black vengeance.

The plot deals with the conflict between the Mafia of New York's West Village and an illiterate Negro who owns a saloon. He pays "tribute" to the Sicilians but plans to displace them and set up his own neighborhood racket. This leads to blackmail, shootings, deaths.

The interest aroused by the play is not that of "story" but of forceful writing and a variety of characters who represent different aspects of black sentiment and their interrelation with several whites. In its melodramatic twists the story strains credibility, but a number of the scenes—the structure is episodic—are telling, and none is dull.

Gabe Gabriel, the actor-writer of the play (not the *playwright*) is an educated black who has never eaten chitlins; for all the pressure he must suffer, he is a balanced person. In one of his prologues he speaks as a sort of "chorus," with wild revivalist passion, of what it means to be black, glorifying the blacks' addiction to vivid hues, their rhythm, their power as lovers, etc. One is not sure whether to take this at its face value or ironically. Perhaps the dramatist himself is torn between affirming and negating the rabid assertions in the speech. I do not condemn its ambiguity, it is integral to the theme, but I feel that it is better expressed in the action of the play.

The central character embodies black distrust and hatred of whites. A series of variations on this motif involve at least three white personages—among them a college girl, who in callow confusion attempts to contribute to the libertarian cause. There is a black thief who keeps on stealing after he has given up any intention of retaining the booty; he does it for fun. A white helper in the saloon experiences ecstasy when he demonstrates that he can manage drums with the same percussive abandon as any black. There is a good-natured lug who aspires to a career in the ballet and is shocked by the laxity of morals in that profession. And these are not all the characters of whose personalities and, in the main, sorry fates we are given a glimpse.

At the preview I attended, the play needed considerable cutting, but it is nevertheless one of the better plays of its kind. However, the chief impression I came away with, as after so many others I have recently written about, is that blacks are wrong when they are "racists," though I do not see how they are to avoid it. Racism has been imposed on them. The poisons of the black consciousness are the bequest of the whites. Minorities of whatever race, color, religion, political persuasion or national origin are always affected by the stupidities and sins of the majority.

Virtually all the acting in *No Place To Be Somebody* is arrestingly vigorous. The voices, except when forced, are extraordinary, the bodies impressive. If one must pick and choose among the excellent cast, special mention should be made of Nathan George in the central role, of Ron O'Neal as the actor-writer, of Walter Kane as the lovable thief, of Ronnie Thompson as the bartending drummer, of Marge Eliot as a girl who can't tell time, and of Lynda Westcott as a Lesbian hooker. Ted Cornell has directed them well.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Loves of Isadora is a film for Vanessa watchers. Miss Redgrave is an exceedingly beautiful and desirable woman and she has been given here a part she can sport about in like a seal in a pool. She obviously loves the idea of being Isadora Duncan and the audience loves her for it. It is a bravura part, for Isadora is the center and meaning of almost every scene. The director, Karel Reisz, develops the picture in a series of flashbacks, with Miss Redgrave playing the

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WORLD CONFERENCE ON VIETNAM

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¶ Xuan Thuy, head of the North Vietnamese delegation at the Paris conference, and Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, deputy head of the NLF delegation, will report on the Paris talks. Professor Gunnar Myrdal, world-famed sociologist, will participate.

¶ **The Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam,** represented by Prof. Richard A. Falk, Chairman of its Consultative Council, and Joseph H. Crown, its Secretary, will present to the Conference a definitive program to end the war.

¶ Two months ago the Lawyers Committee submitted a five-point program to the White House and the State Department. The program calls for the immediate termination of all offensive operations and the withdrawal of American troops, and the formation of a provisional government which would be truly representative of the principal political, social-economic, religious, and ethnic groups of South Vietnam. The Lawyers Committee also offered to the Administration the services of Professor Falk, who had met with Prime Minister Pham Van Dong in Hanoi last June and thereafter conferred with Xuan Thuy in Paris, and of Richard J. Barnet, a member of its Consultative Council who had recently conferred in Paris with members of the delegations of North Vietnam and of the NLF.

¶ "Vietnam and International Law", a treatise prepared by the Consultative Council of the Lawyers Committee, which establishes the illegality of the United States intervention in Vietnam, was recently cited and quoted in the Paris Conference.

¶ On March 31, the anniversary of President Johnson's "abdication", the Lawyers Committee held a press conference at which its spokesmen, Dr. Hans J. Morgenthau and Richard J. Barnet, charged that the Nixon Administration is continuing President Johnson's "disastrous, bankrupt policies;" that the Thieu-Ky regime is incapable of making peace because the political and perhaps physical lives of its leading members depend on the continuation of the war.

¶ The American people should not be lulled into inactivity by Washington—generated reports of "secret talks" and of Saigon's peace "negotiations". While Saigon talks of "peace" it jails thousands of peace advocates and the war continues and casualties mount. This is no time for silence. Americans must call for the liquidation of the Vietnamese calamity. The United States should show that it is wise enough and strong enough to admit a mistake and to correct it.

¶ To carry forward the work of the Lawyers Committee, we need the prompt and generous support of those who share our concern with peace and world order. Communicate your views **NOW** to President Nixon and Chairman J. W. Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

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SUPERMAN INFERIORITY

German people in general seem to be more intelligent than some others. And, in accordance with the delusion of superiority which is drilled into Germans from birth, they believe that intelligence — bare sterile undirected intelligence—is the prime virtue, and all other human virtues are secondary.

Psychologists tell us that beyond a certain point intelligence breeds hallucinations and fantasy. These are recognized as disabling.

But you are not told that on the nonpathological side of this line of demarcation is a great area where intelligence breeds delusions which are insidiously just as disabling. Delusions of superiority, which cause the holder to regard with contempt perfectly worthy people. With such contempt that the eradication of these worthy people arouses no qualms whatever.

The Germans are by nature a gentle people. Instead of fighting against the injustices heaped on them by their bullying Prussian masters, they permit themselves to be tranquilized with delusions of superiority.

It is natural for males who do not have the strength of men to comfort themselves with the delusion that they are supermen. That is their privilege.

But it is not their privilege to thereupon treat worthy people as inferiors.

D. Koretz 521 Park Detroit, MI 48236

raddled, coarsened dancer in the last months of her life, dictating her autobiography to an acidulous sycophant and remembering the years when she was the child goddess from San Francisco, opening the rhythm of life to the ravished Europeans. It is a theme related, of course, to what James was talking about in roughly the same period, and Miss Redgrave makes it sing hosannas.

Originally, the film was called *Isadora* and it is too bad it was spiced up for the box office, because Duncan's lovers march through their scenes as a rather disappointing lot. James Fox plays Gordon Craig as an egomaniac, which no doubt he was, but the quality emerges here in a thin, undergraduate form. Jason Robards is merely dim as Paris Singer, heir to the sewing machine fortune; and Ivan Tchenko, playing the Russian poet, Sergei Essenin, is simply incredible, with overtones of Harpo Marx. The seedy bunch that surrounds Isadora in her last days, with *Bye Bye Blackbird* playing in the background, is more effective in a nasty way. And although Miss Redgrave's exultant youth is what makes seeing the picture such a pleasure, I think her portrayal of those last days is her more impressive achievement. The agony in which she lives flashes out in spurts of mixed gaiety and appalling bitchiness that are persuasive and very sad. One never doubts the pain is real. It is all very well for butterflies to be the incarnation of youth; people live too long for that sort of thing and the effect can be horrible.

Miss Redgrave is rather better at expressing what Isadora came to stand for (she is hurt at one point in the film when a brash young man commends her for having become a legend in her own time, but of course it was true) than at showing what Isadora could do. As a dancer she is not entirely convincing. Partly that is because we never see her really working at it, partly because her choreography is meager and limited, partly because we are led to expect something miraculous and partly, of course, because Miss Redgrave is not a dancer but an actress who dances well. As such, she is remarkable, but the effect is still not astonishing.

Perhaps it was stronger in the original version of the film. The present showing is haunted by one's knowledge that an hour has been cut from it. In those lost sixty minutes the men may have gained a better presence, the jerkiness of the transitions from age to youth may have been less apparent and Greece may have appeared on the screen—it is now oddly absent from this portrait of the woman who at one time seemed to have discovered it. What is not lost is Miss Redgrave's delight in the chance to be Isadora.

Another performer who takes great pleasure in his role is Murray King, appearing as himself in the Novak-Hoffman-Gordon semi-pro, pseudo-documentary, *King, Murray*. King sells a great deal of life insurance in the baronial estate area of Long Island, and the film describes a weekend at Las Vegas which he finances for a select group of profitable clients.

King belongs to a well-known American type, the power slob. He coins money out of a loud mouth, exuberant vulgarity, spurious good humor and calculated generosity. His most impressive quality is energy, and that is probably quite genuine, though the film makes him into a superman by condensing scenes of roistering and athletic boasting that were shot over weeks into some seventy-two hours.

It is an unusual sort of picture in that it is rare to find a man who is as willing —and as able—as King to expose himself before a camera. The only comparable study I know is Shirley Clarke's *Jason*, the portrait of a Negro male prostitute. That was better work, I think, both because it was more skillfully shot and because Jason, for all his pathetic horror, had more depth and was capable of producing more surprises.

The dismaying thing about King is that he is exactly what you would guess him to be if you saw him across a nightclub floor, even to the bit about wishing he had been a teacher or an actor, only there was no dough in it. The only way in which King differs from his fellow hustlers—if indeed he differs in that—is in his exhibitionism. He is also a voyeur (the two perhaps go together?) saying he would rather watch a couple in bed than be in bed himself. And it is notable that, though his conversation, when it isn't about money, is filled with allusions to broads, King only talks. Mrs. King, back on Long Island with the kids, is presumably not jealous; she knows her Murray.

The scenes are crowded with people, but for the most part they are props and *King, Murray* is a monologue. For their own purposes Hoffman and Gordon, the directors, would have done well to build the other characters a little, thus answering the natural question, "What sort of people will voluntarily go around with Murray King?" The men, that is; the girls I thought I understood. They were perched on the furniture, quietly waiting. It reminded me of the old-time Westerns, when the condors squatted patiently in a circle while the desert killed their prey. Probably I do the girls an injustice, but Murray King is a spectacle to arouse morbid analogies.

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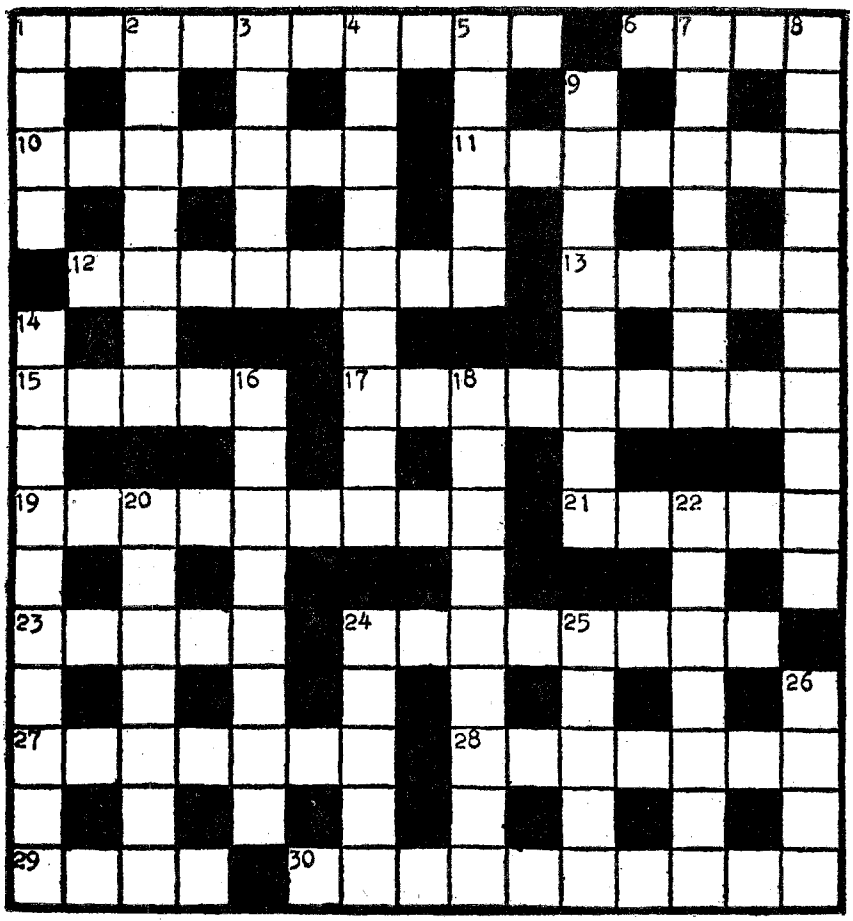
Crossword Puzzle No. 1298

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Composition for the emotionally disturbed, as the lyric shows. (10)
6 and 11 Those who have strong digital feelings might get other than regular current output. (4,7)
10 Makes fun of the German being on time? (7)
11 See 6 across
12 A good leader does with confidence. (8)
13 See 24 down
15 In conclusion, you'll find me correct. (5)
17 and 25 down Fatal accident rate? (9,5)
19 Not exactly set for tea, but perhaps implies one is all set. (9)
21 Lucy did, where the ways weren't trodden. (5)
23 One way to secure bangs, perhaps. (5)
24 What are those awful objects? (8)
27 Might represent wealth, as a flower. (3,4)
28 Mire, in a way, and about a native. (7)
29 It might go around a bay window. (4)
30 Hangers-on, obviously. (10)

DOWN

1 Cover up the skin? (4)
2 and 14 down Singularly 26, and makes an outcry about getting improperly fed. (Politics is reputedly the cause!) (7,10)
3 Finish placed on some boxes with this? (3,2)
4 Writes on where to find the quality of writers? (9)
5 Such people as Mame and Vanya's wife? (5)
7 A border around a middle point, approximately. (7)
8 From Padua to Broadway by way of Stratford? (4,2,4)
9 The old boat comes in to set solidly that which is left, in the main. (8)
14 See 2 down
16 Try indeed to be decidedly unpopular! (8)
18 Come out. (9)
20 Relieves of overseas duty, as one remembers? (7)
22 Winds periodically thus? (7)
24 and 13 Certainly not a faithful timekeeper for some. (5,5)
25 See 17 across
26 The balance of probability. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1297

ACROSS: 1 Passacaglia; 9 Indolent; 11 Hayride; 12 Defects; 14 Proper; 15 and 22 Abstract of title; 17 Scrabble; 20 Foment; 24 Censors; 26 and 10 Dead to rights; 27 Provided; 28 Mass meeting. DOWN: 2 Apocrypha; 3 Spender; 4 Cato; 5 Gardens; 6 Ingle; 7 Unfair; 8 Static; 13 Pales; 16 Remission; 18 Coffer; 19 Bellows; 20 Feel out; 21 Nurses; 23 India; 25 Apse.

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